



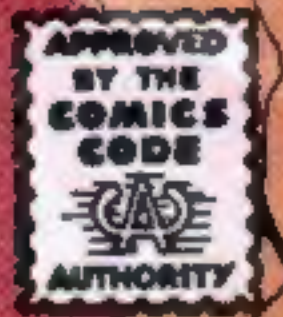
NO. 12  
SEP 00024  
75/CDC

all new

The FLINTSTONES STARRING

# DINO

a Hanna-Barbera  
Production



LOVERS  
LEAP



00024



# DINO in

## "A DIET FOR DINO"

I BETTER TAKE THIS CHOICE LITTLE MORSEL BEFORE THE CHOWHOUND GRABS IT TOO!

HE EATS TWICE AS MUCH AS THE REST OF US!

I'LL BET DADDY DOESN'T MAKE IT!



THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! FROM NOW ON THAT MUTT EATS OUTA HIS BOWL ON THE FLOOR!

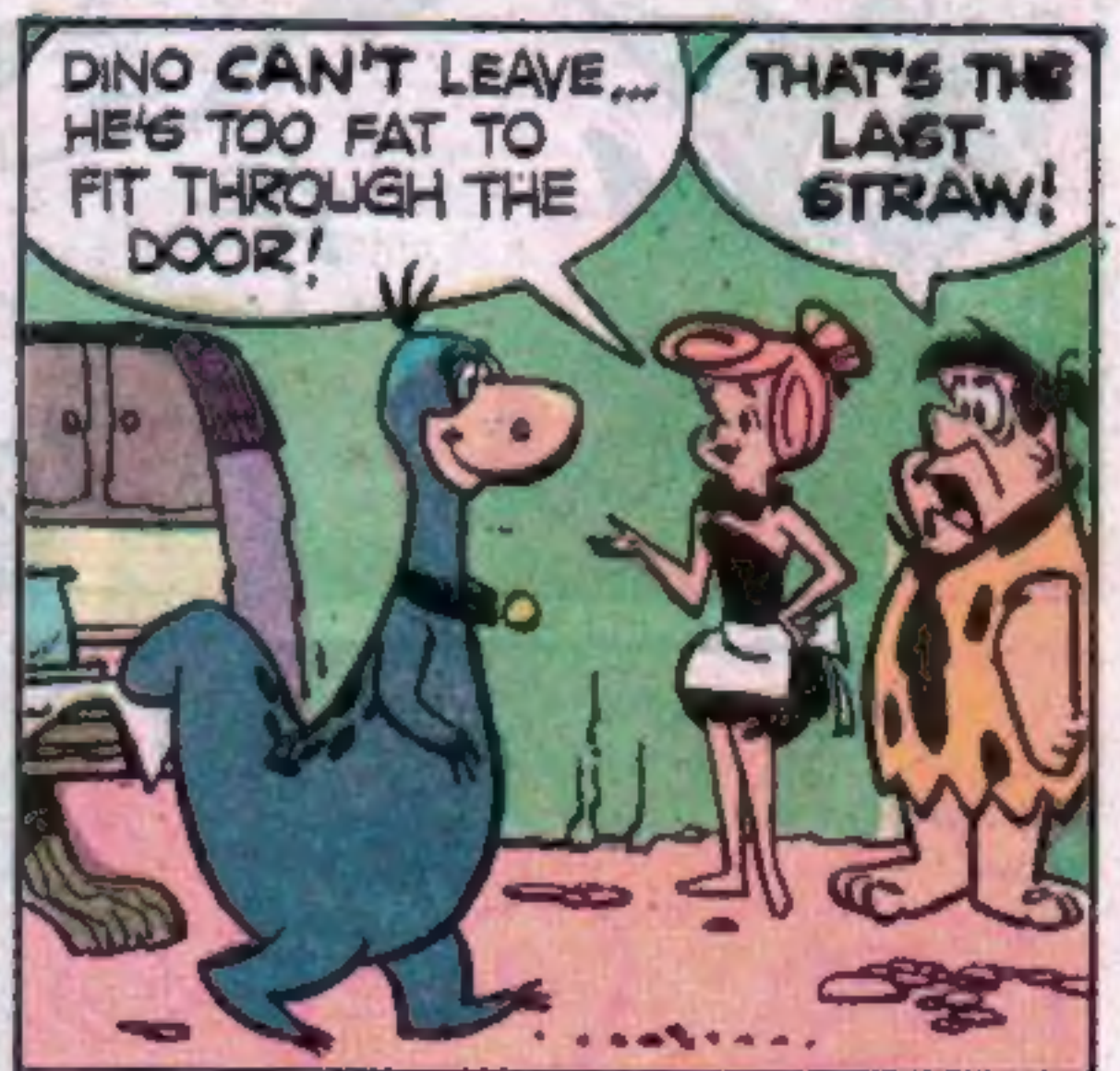
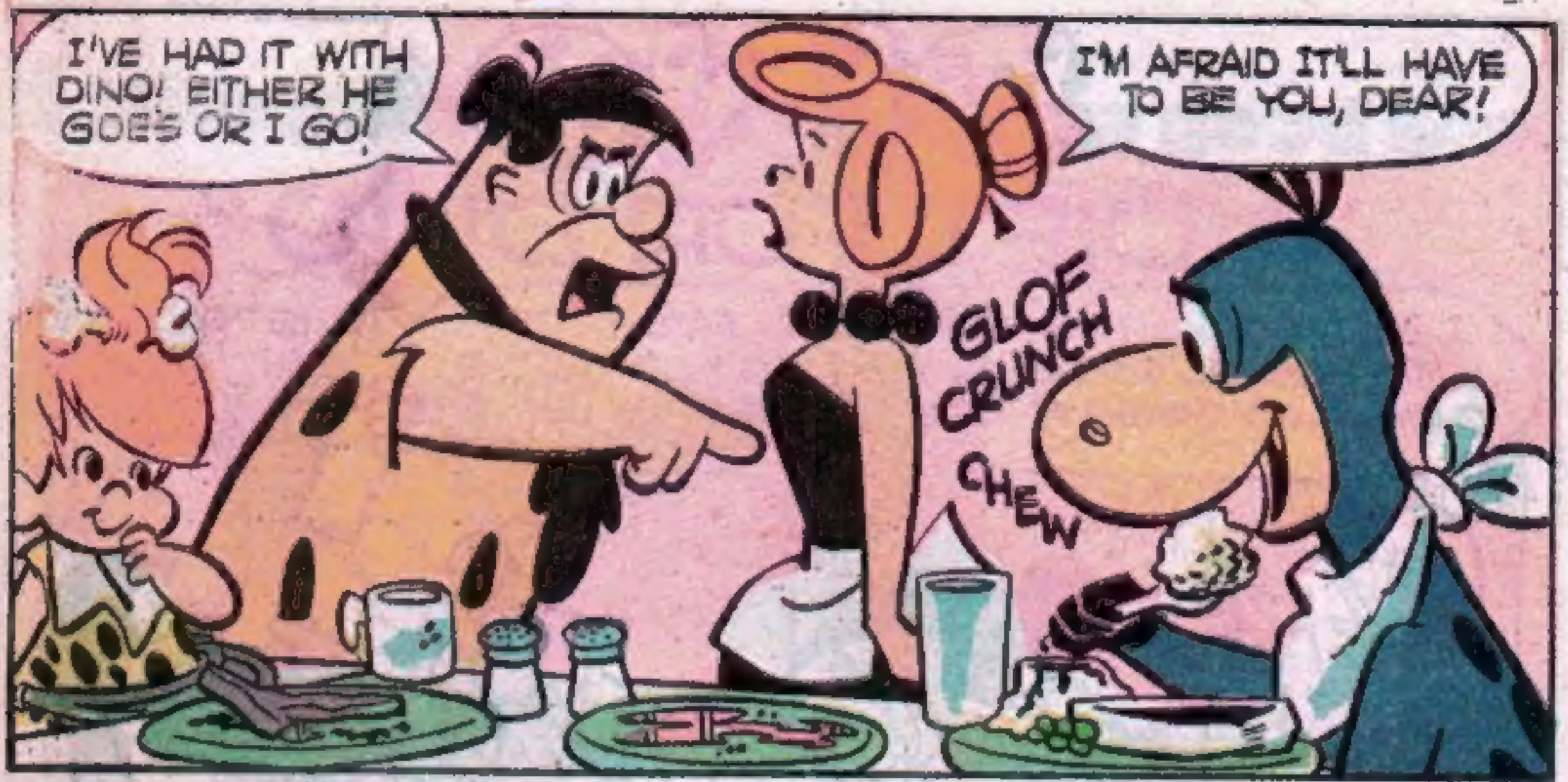
OH, FRED, STOP CRIPING! YOU'VE HAD PLENTY TO EAT!



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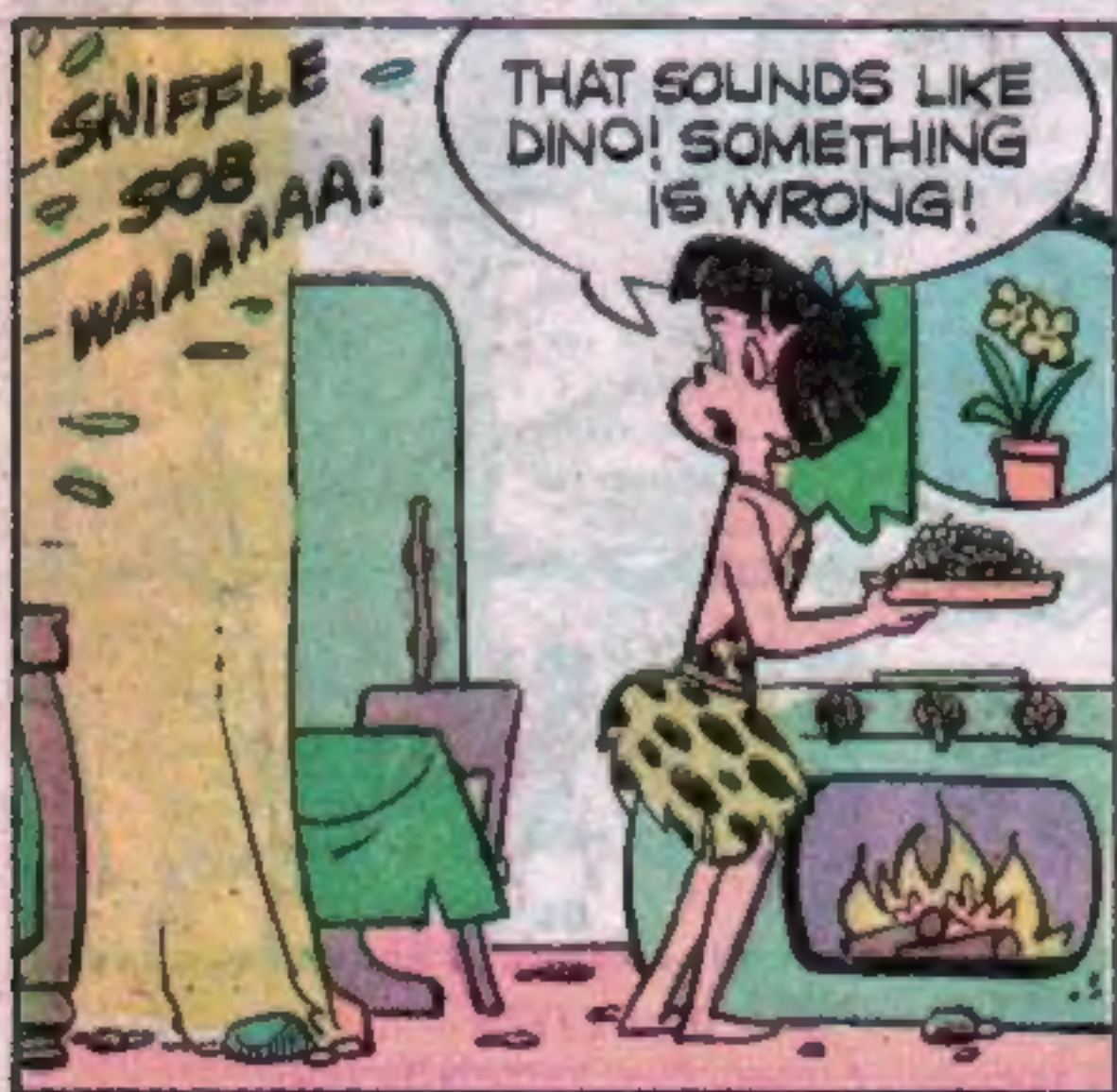
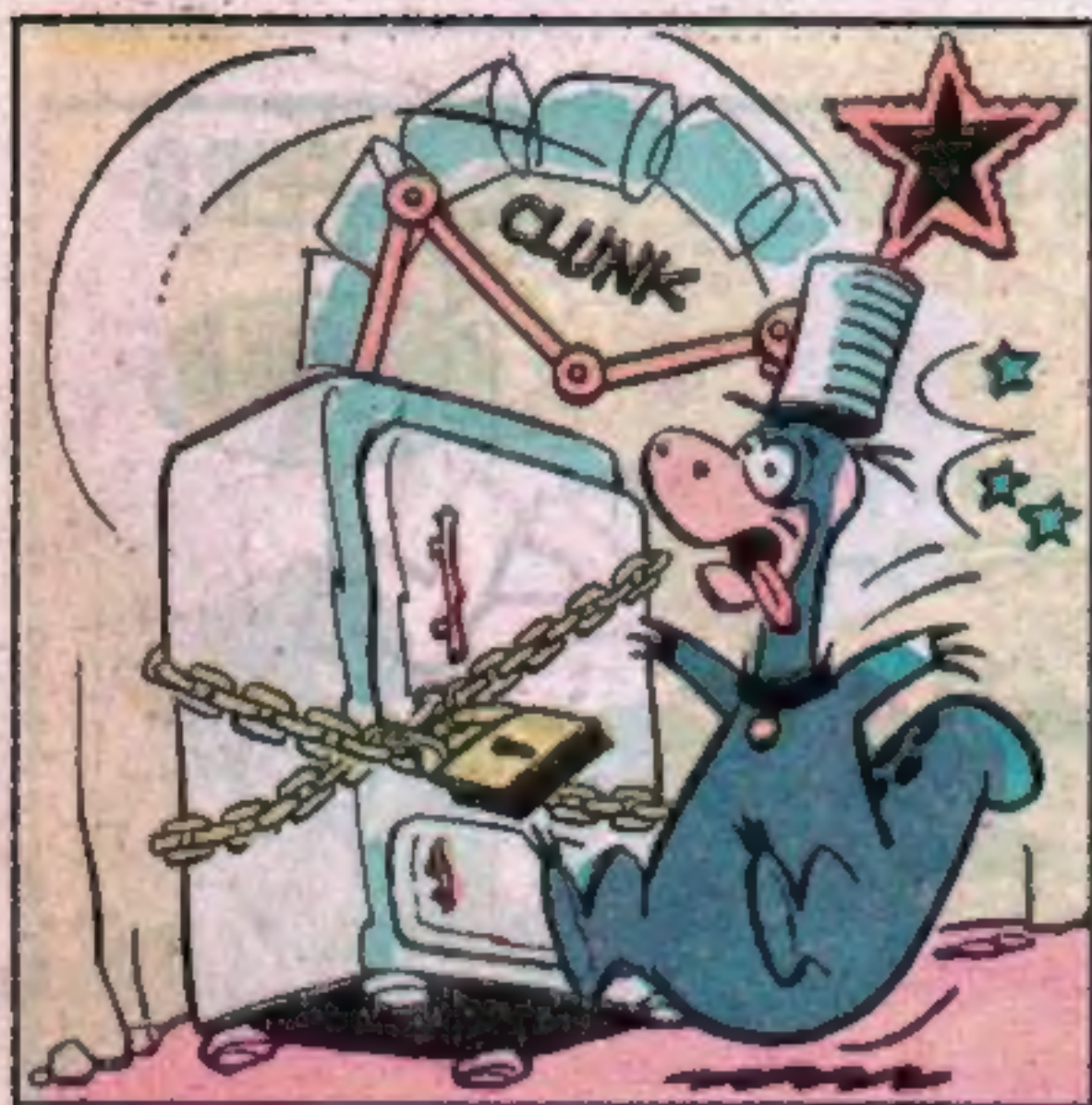




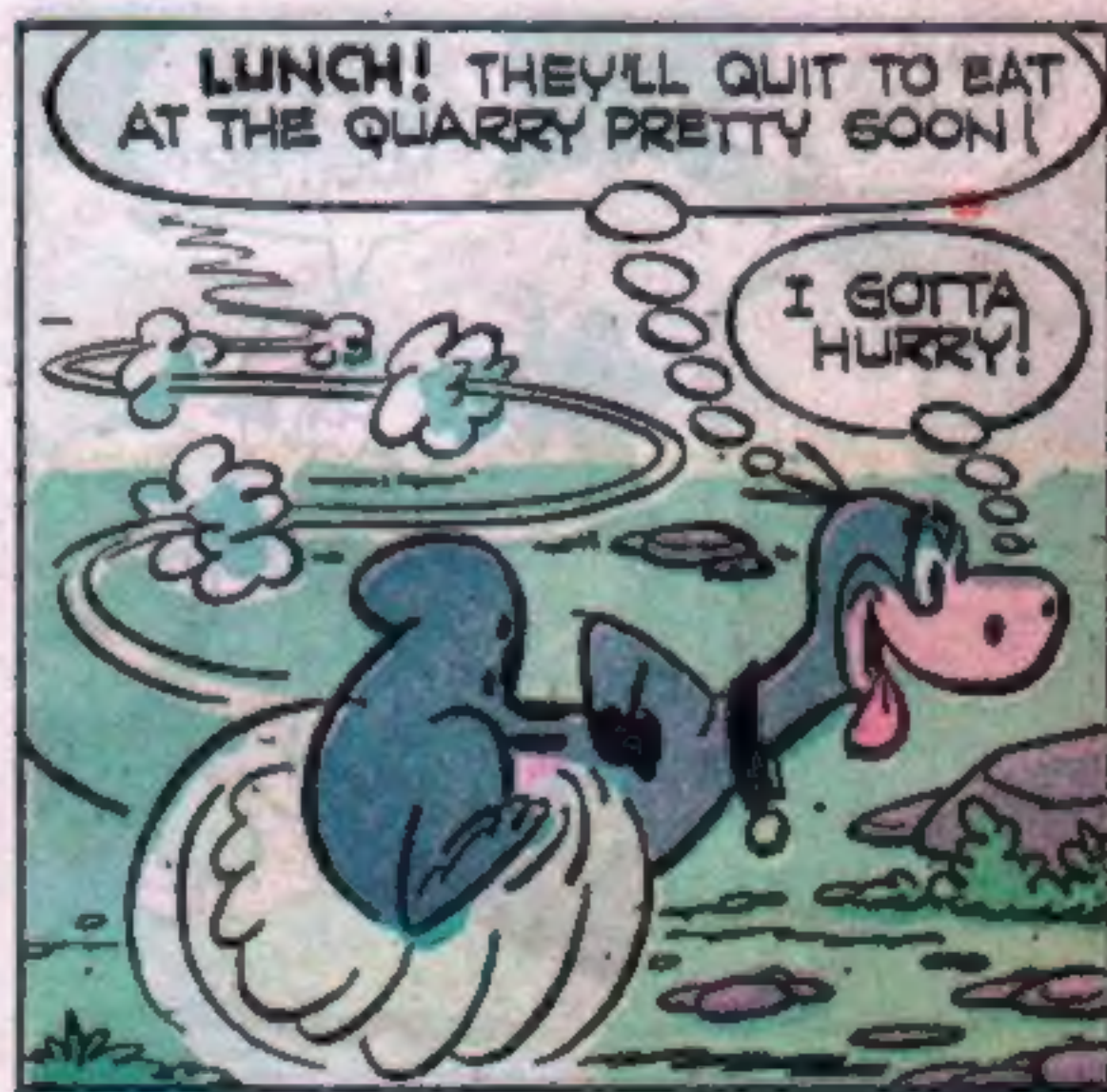
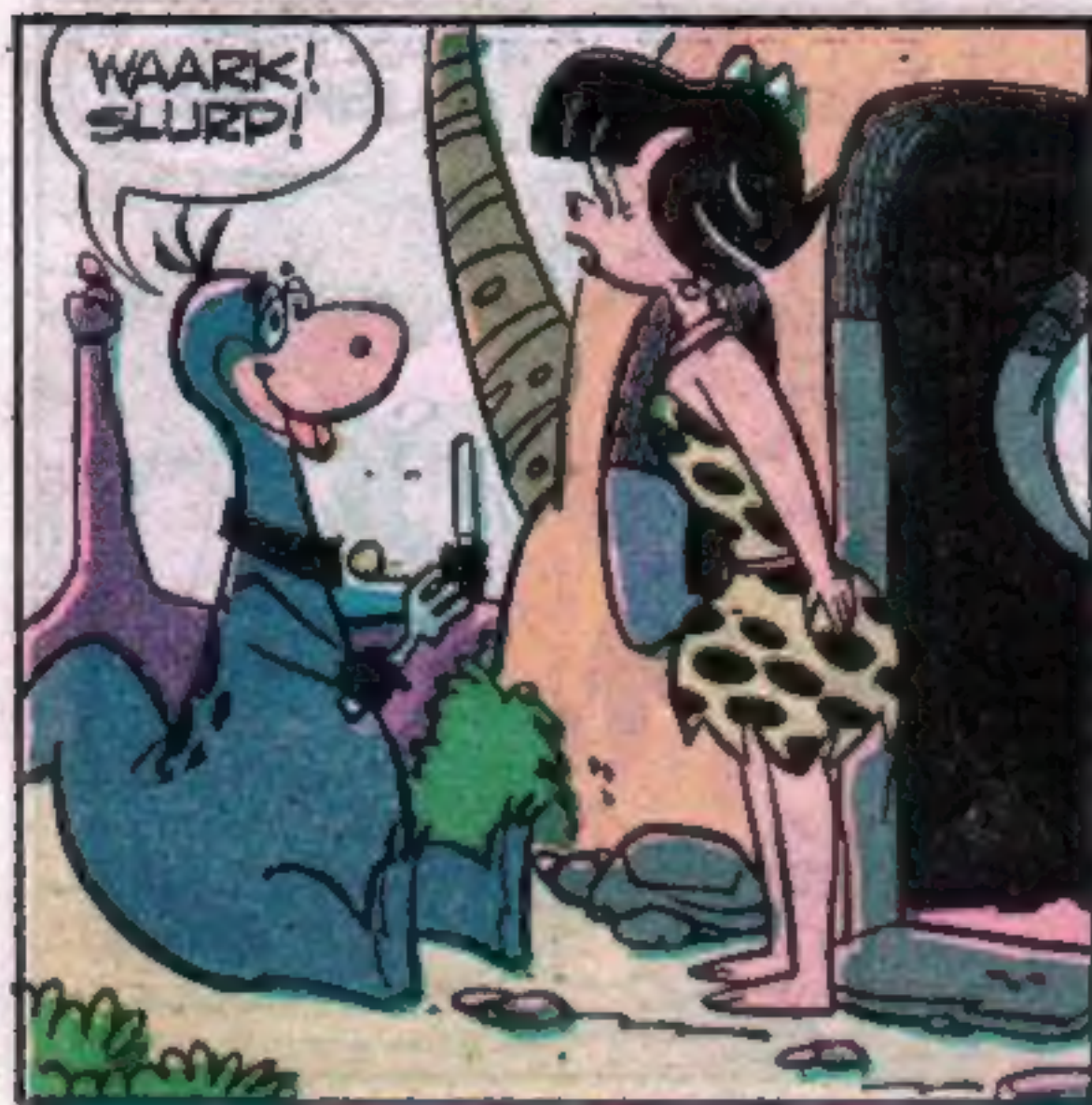




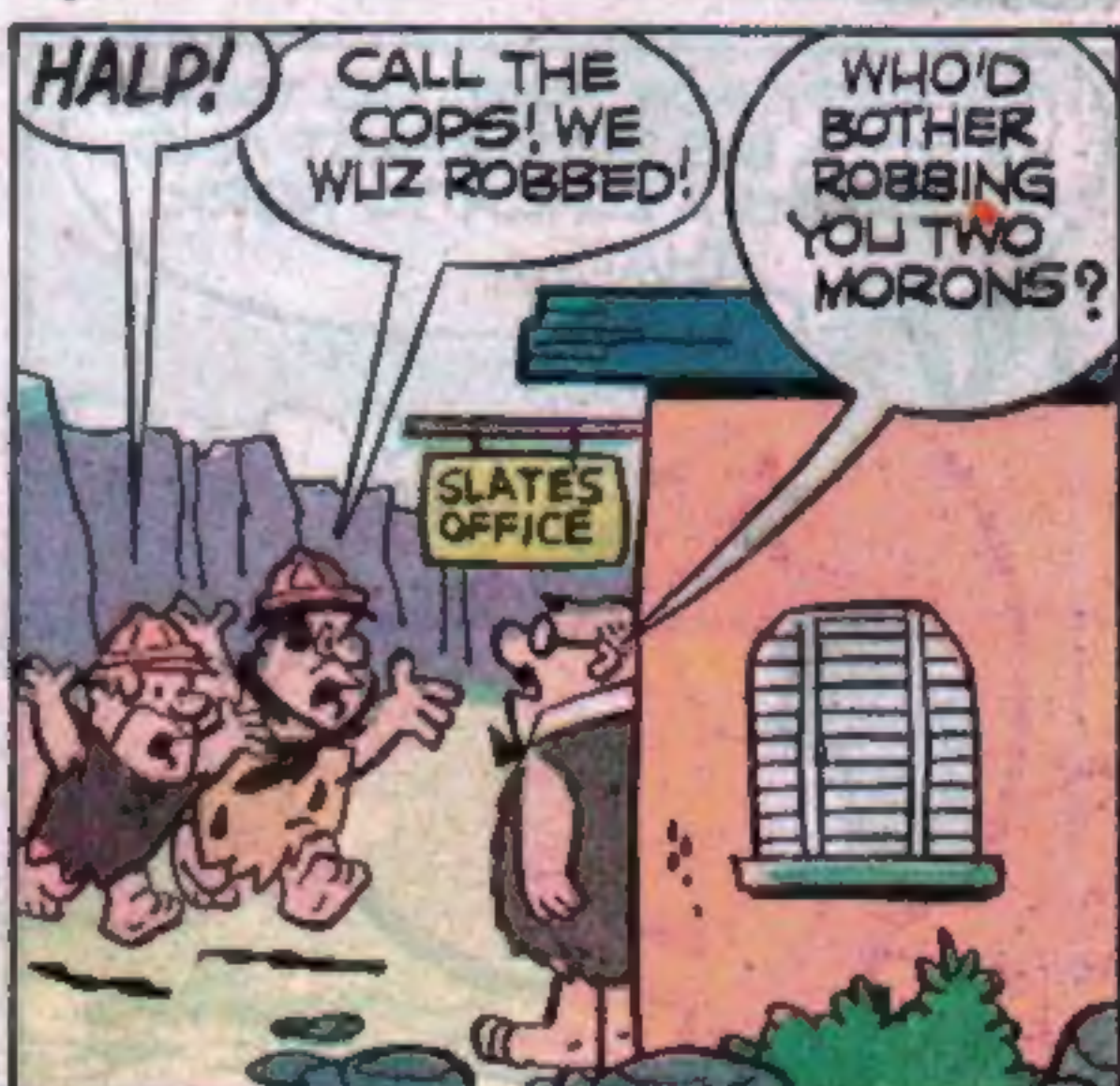


















NO, IT ISN'T! DINO WILL ALWAYS GET FOOD SOMEWHERE! YOU STILL HAVEN'T REALIZED IT WAS DINO WHO ROBBED YOU AND BARNEY OF YOUR LUNCH BOXES, HAVE YOU?



FRED WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?

AS A GOOD CITIZEN, IT'S MY DUTY TO TURN DINO IN!



NO, FRED! THAT'S NOT THE ANSWER!

WELL, WHAT IS? I'VE MADE UP MY MIND... THAT FAT GARBAGE HOUND IS GONNA LOSE WEIGHT OR ELSE!



HERE'S WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO, FRED... BZZ-BZZ-BZZ...

WHAT? YOU'RE CRAZY! I WON'T DO IT!



HOW MUCH FURTHER, WILMA?

ANOTHER FIVE MILES, FRED! IF YOU QUIT, I WON'T COOK FOR EITHER OF YOU!



END

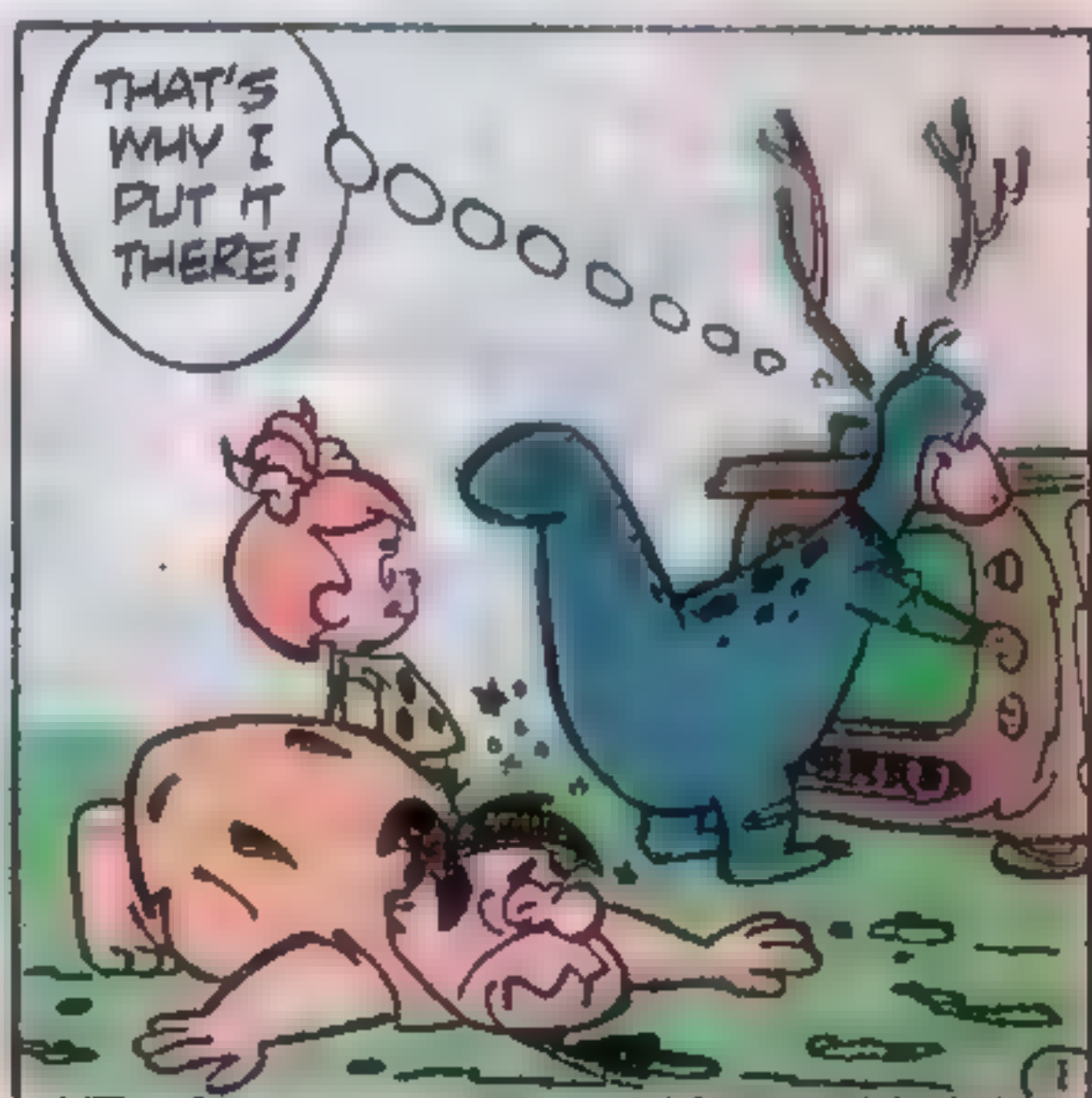
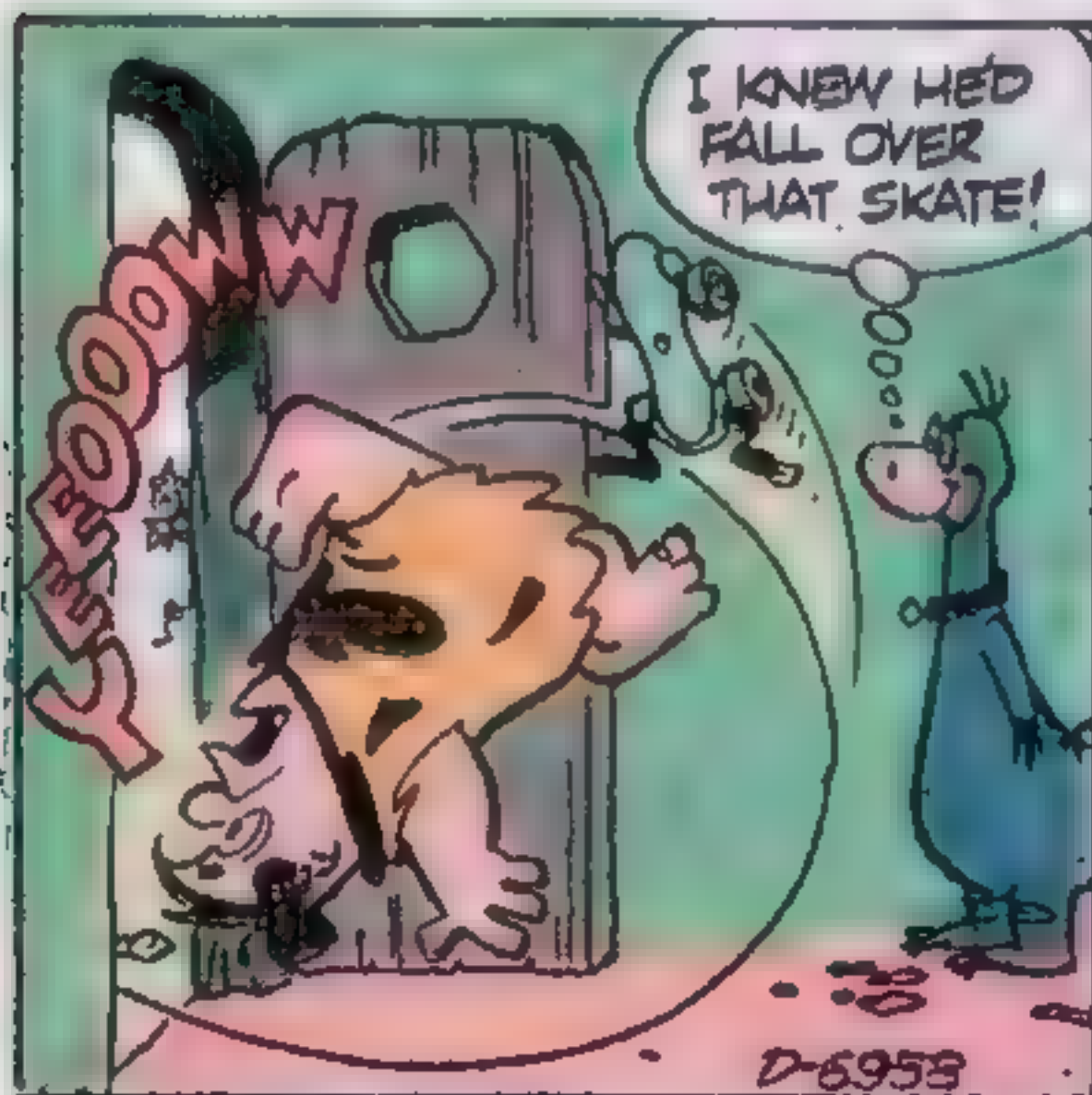
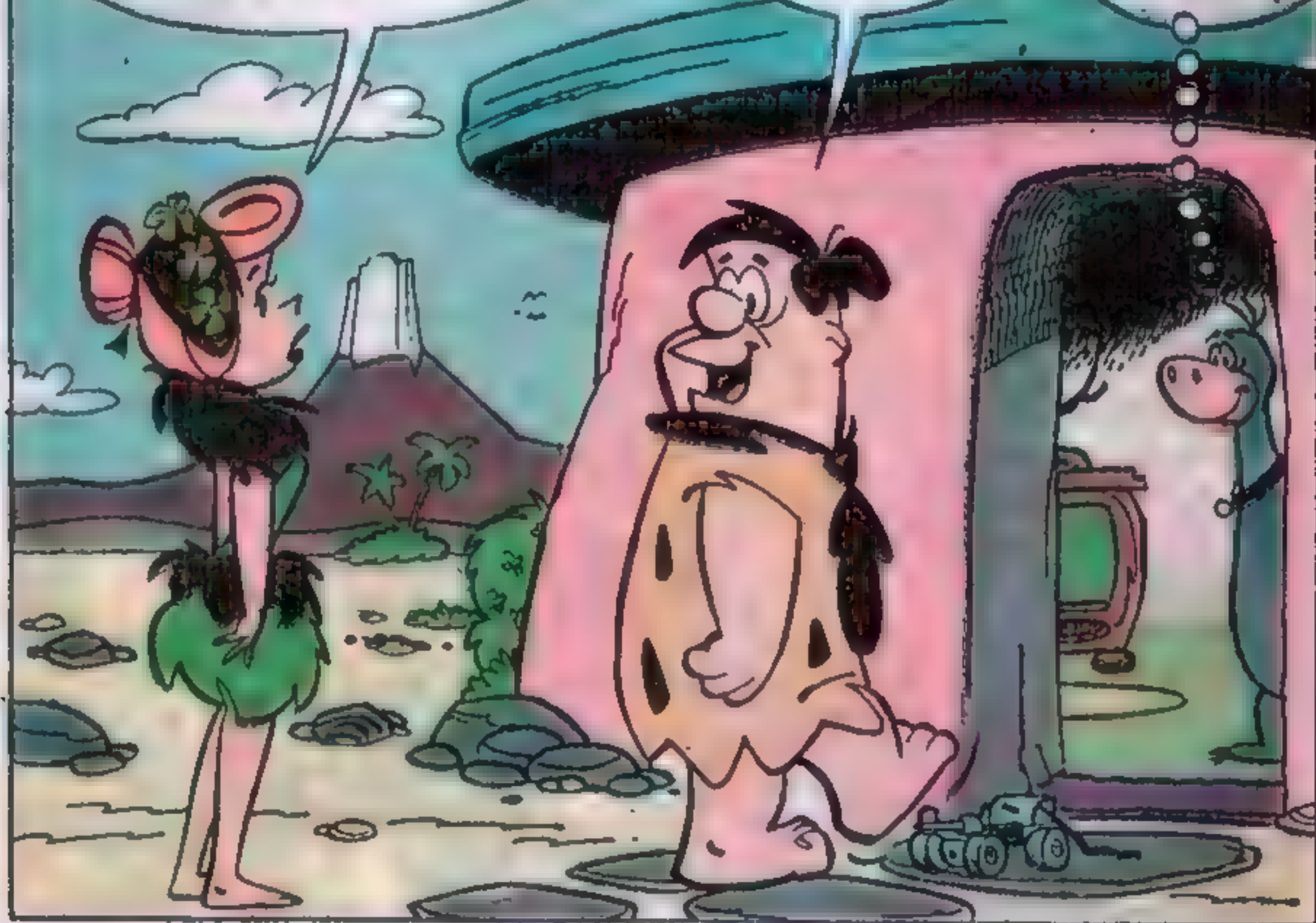


# DINO in THE BABY-SITTERS

I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW HOURS,  
FRED...TRY TO KEEP DINO AND  
PEBBLES OUT OF TROUBLE!

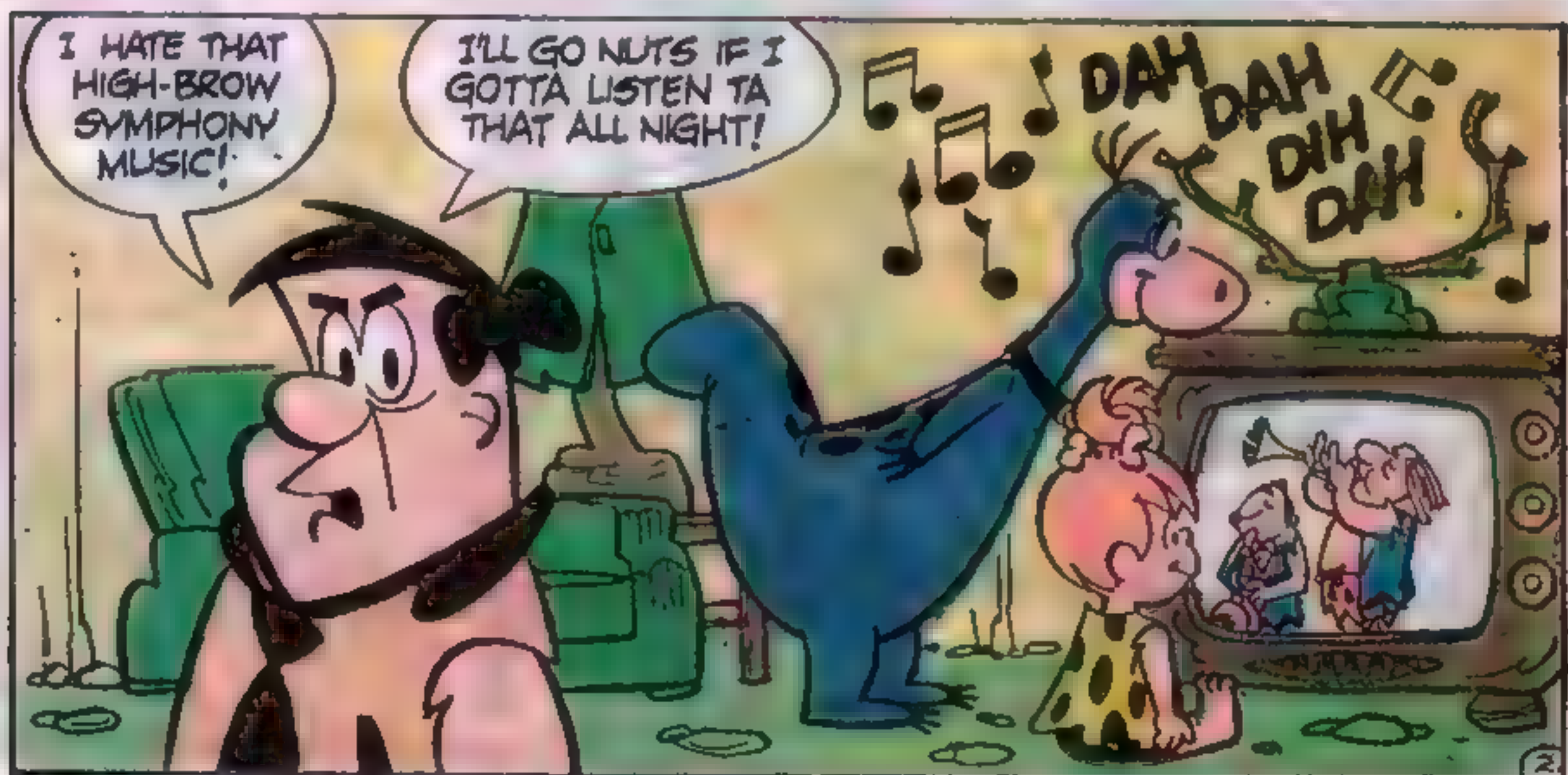
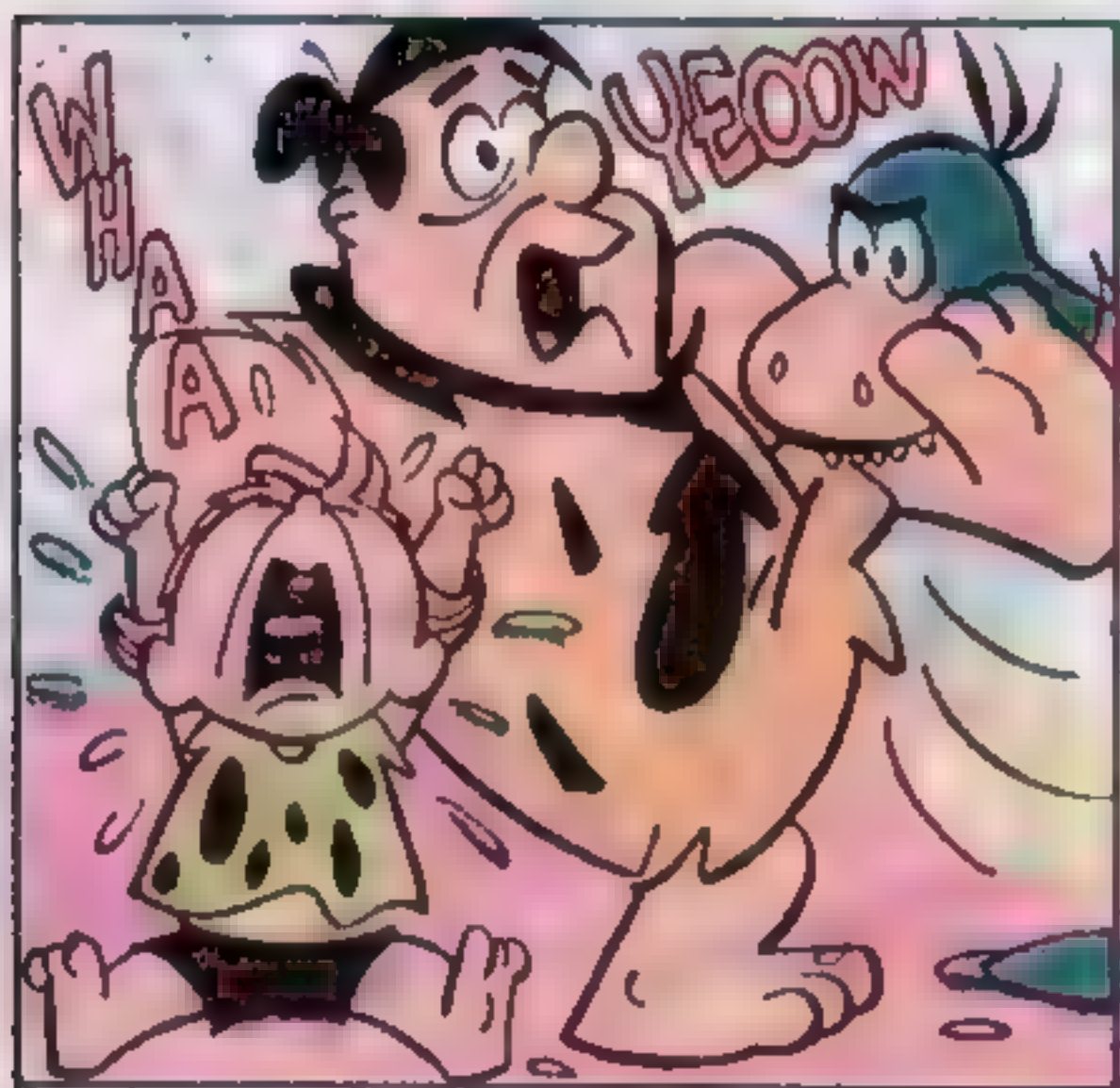
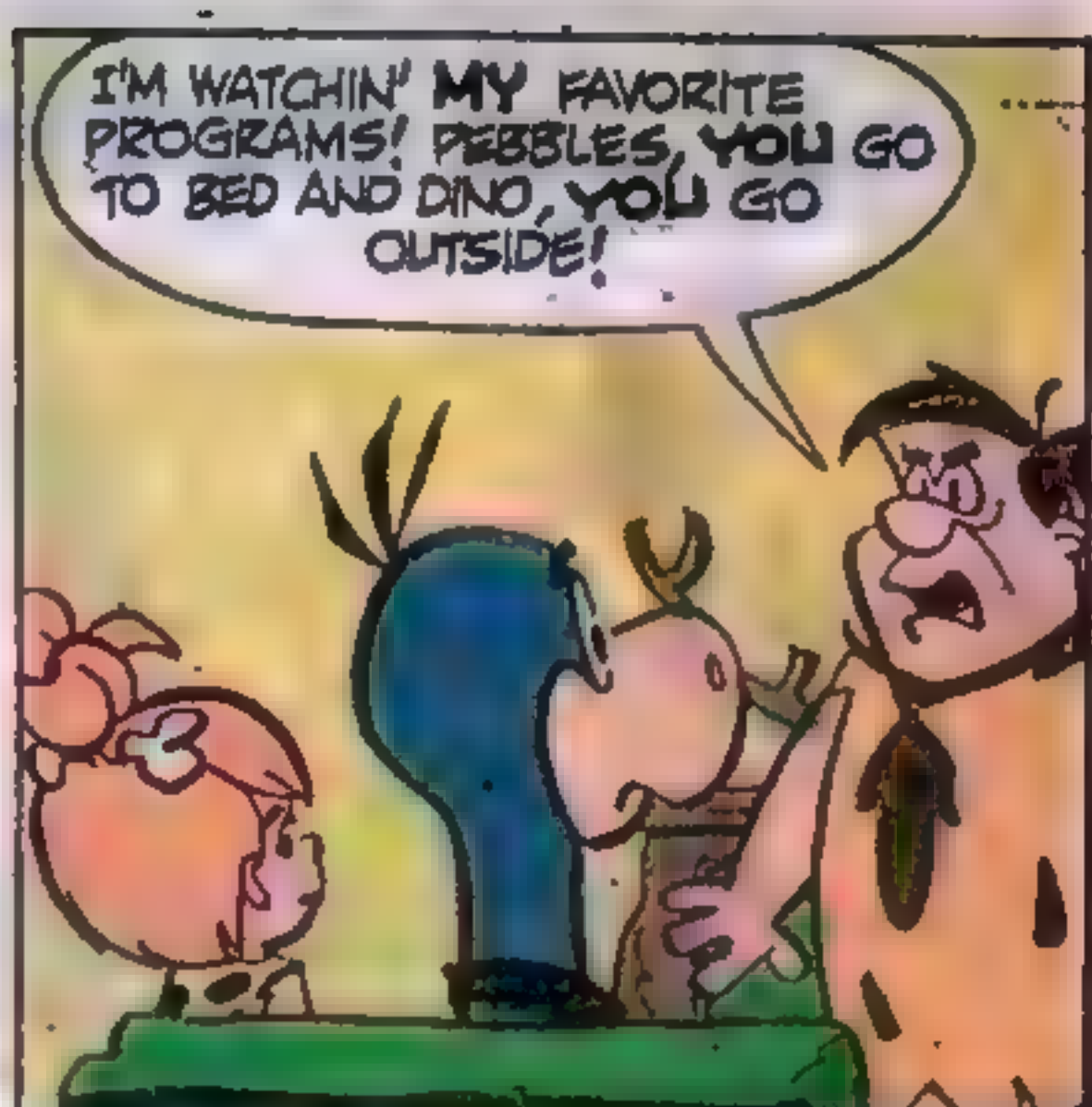
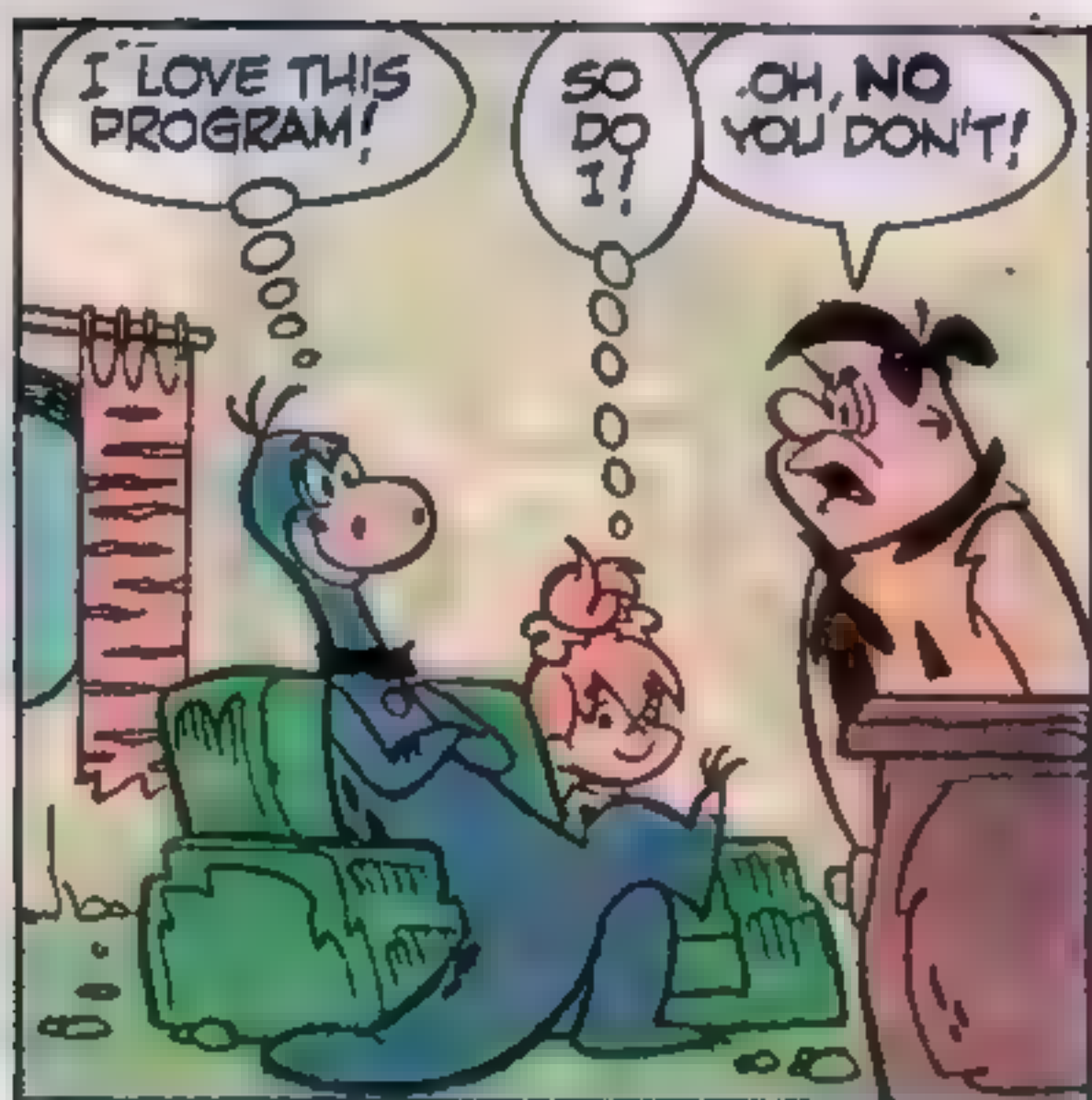
QUIT WORRYIN',  
WILMA! I CAN  
HANDLE HIM!

NOW I CAN  
WATCH MY  
FAVORITE  
TV SHOW!

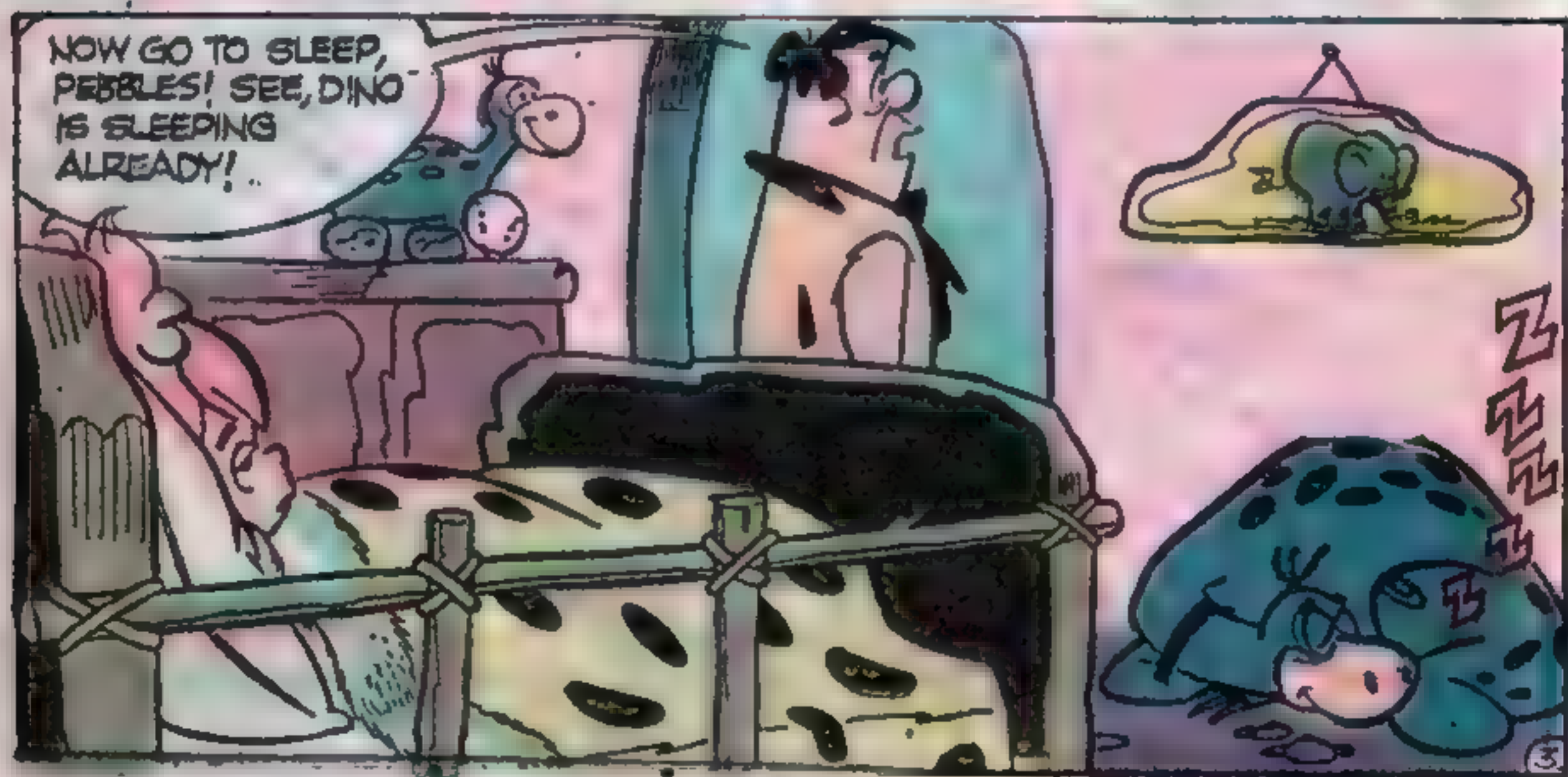
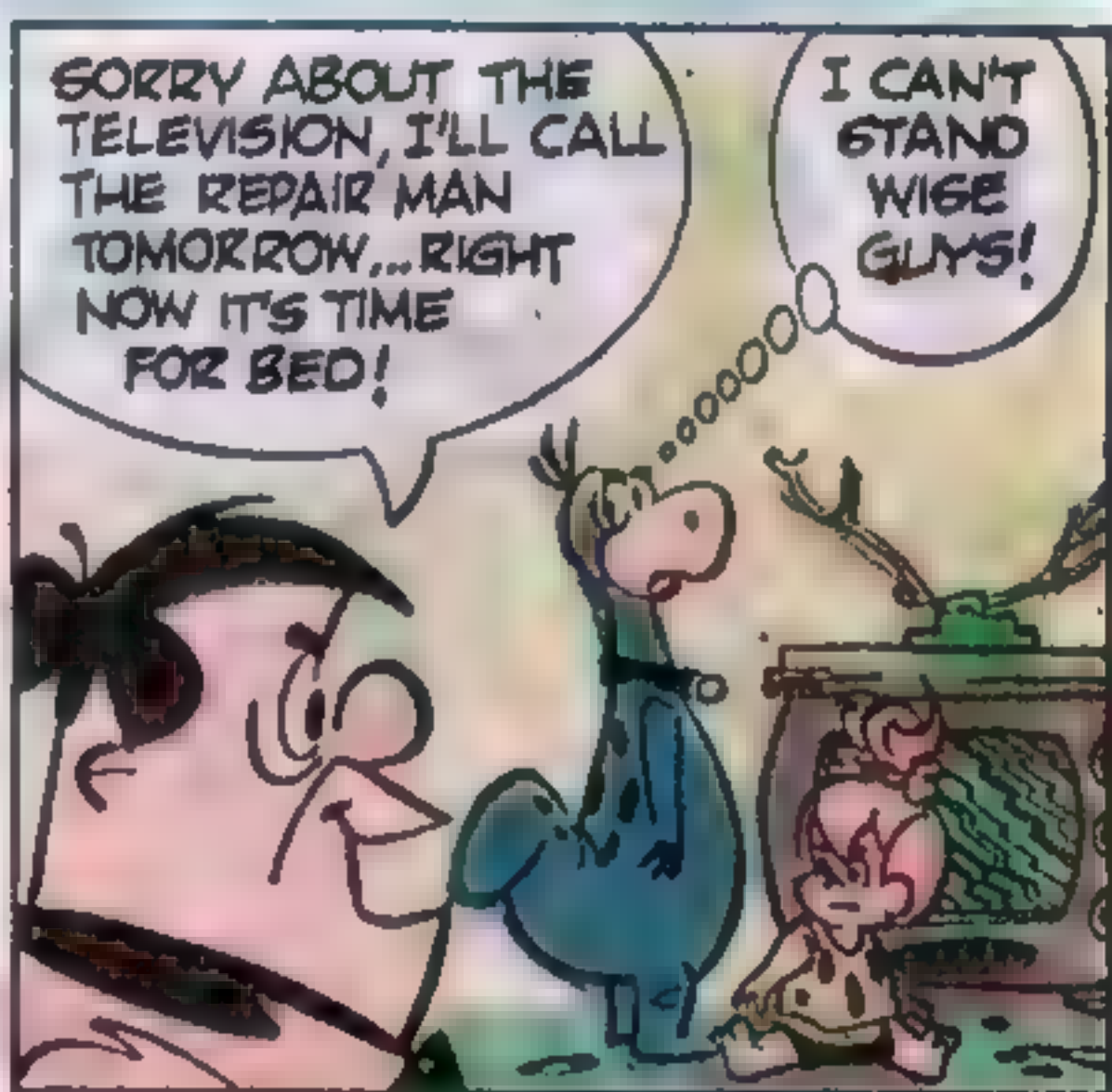
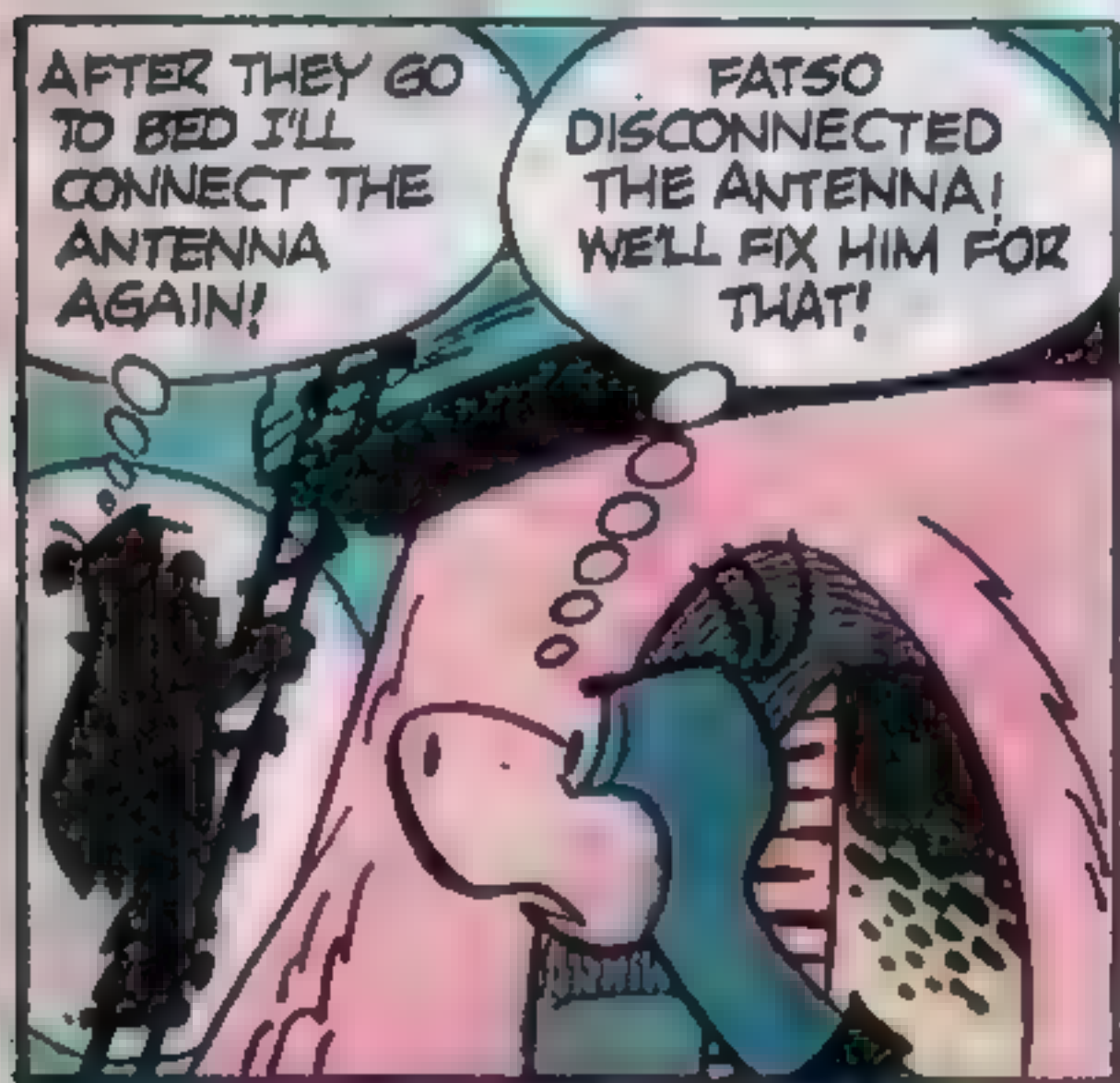
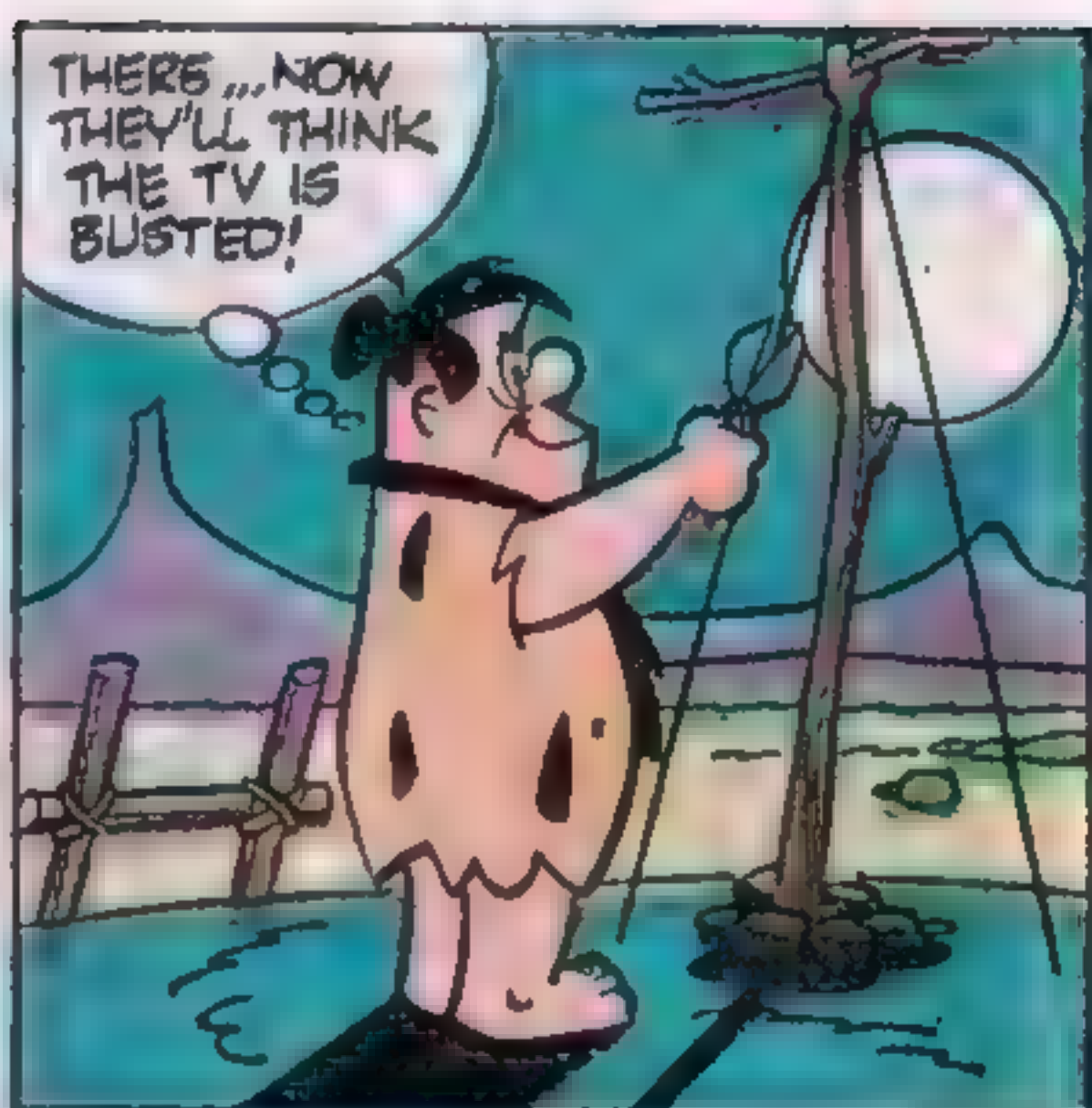


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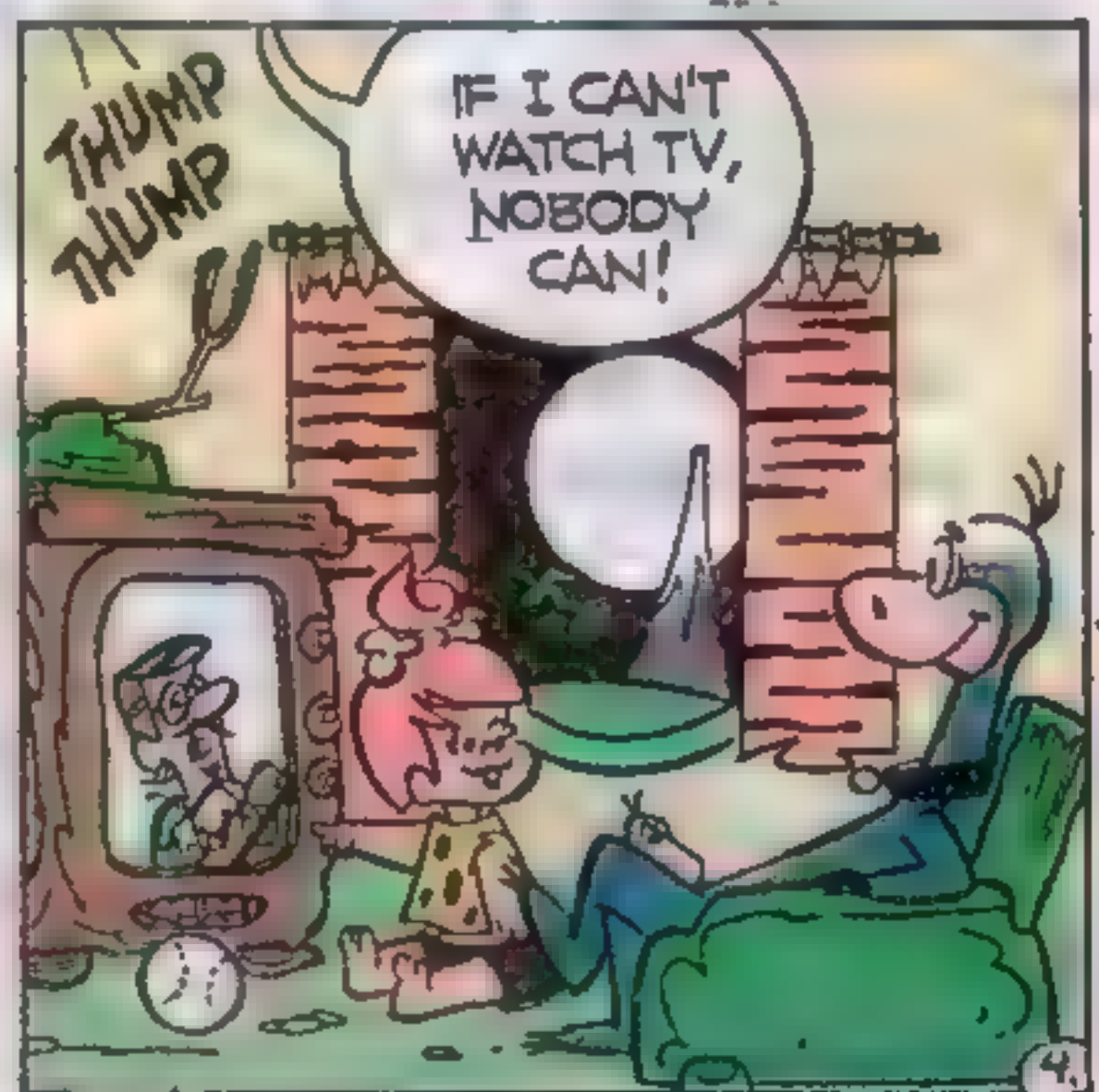
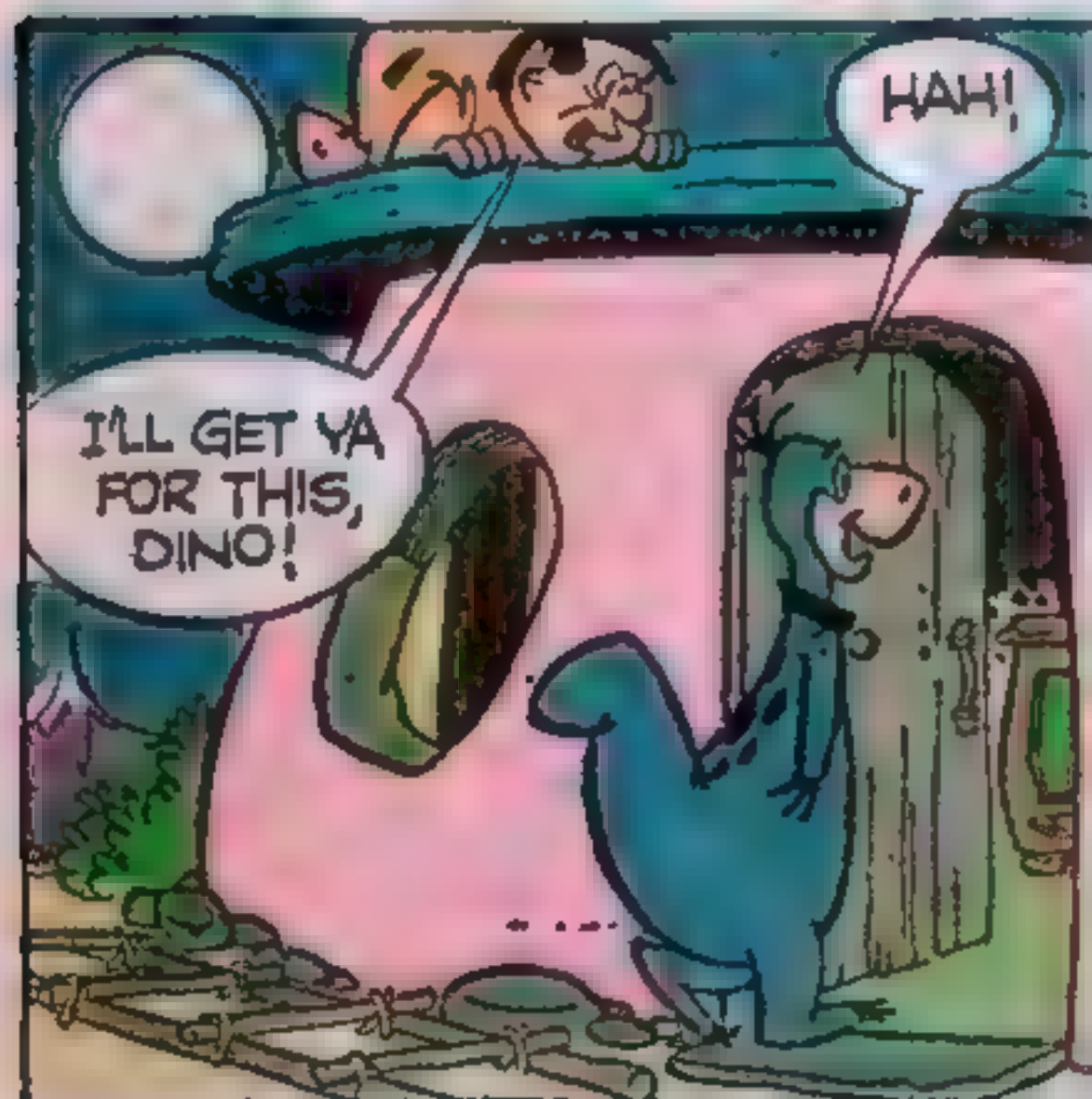
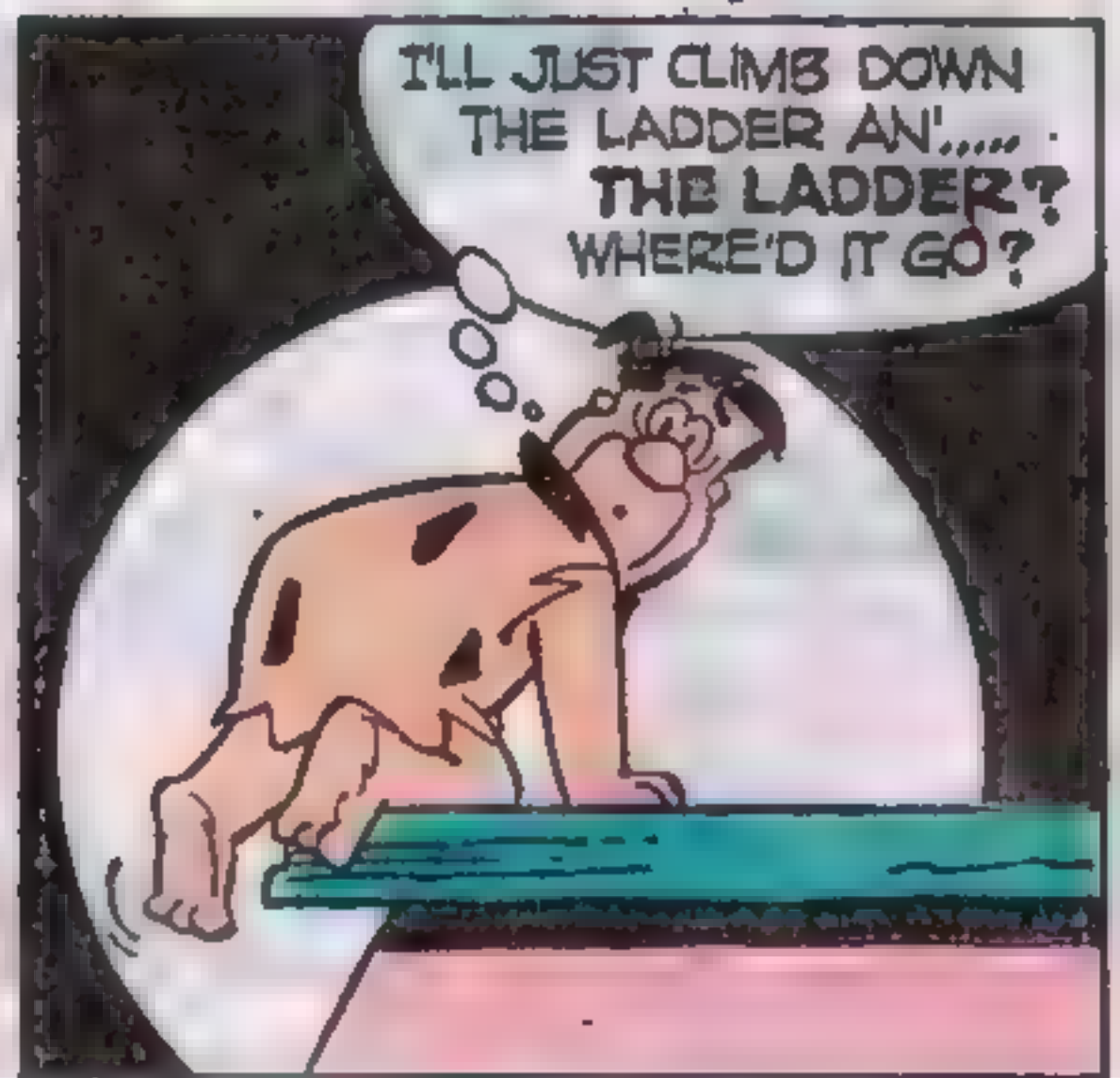
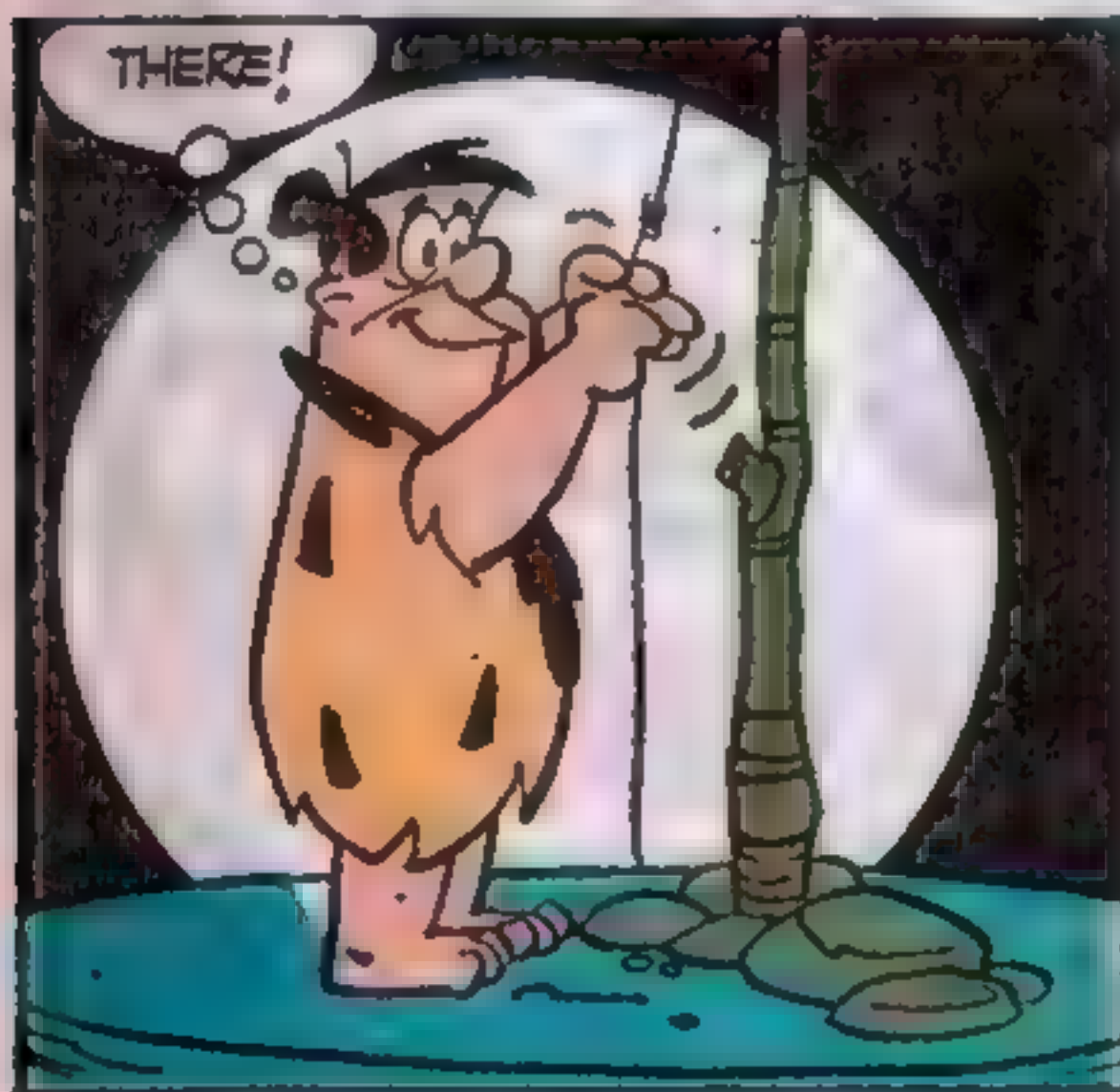




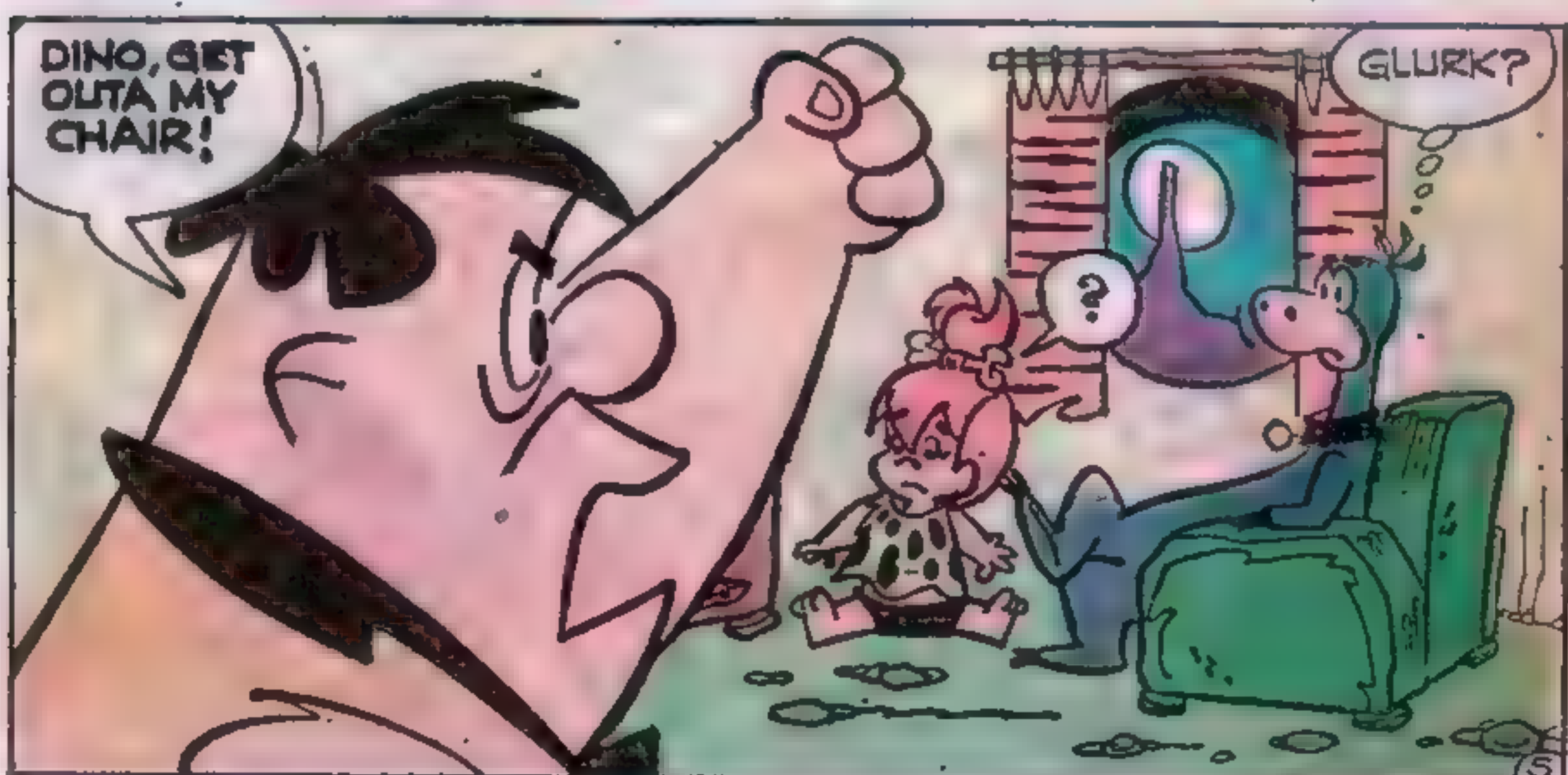
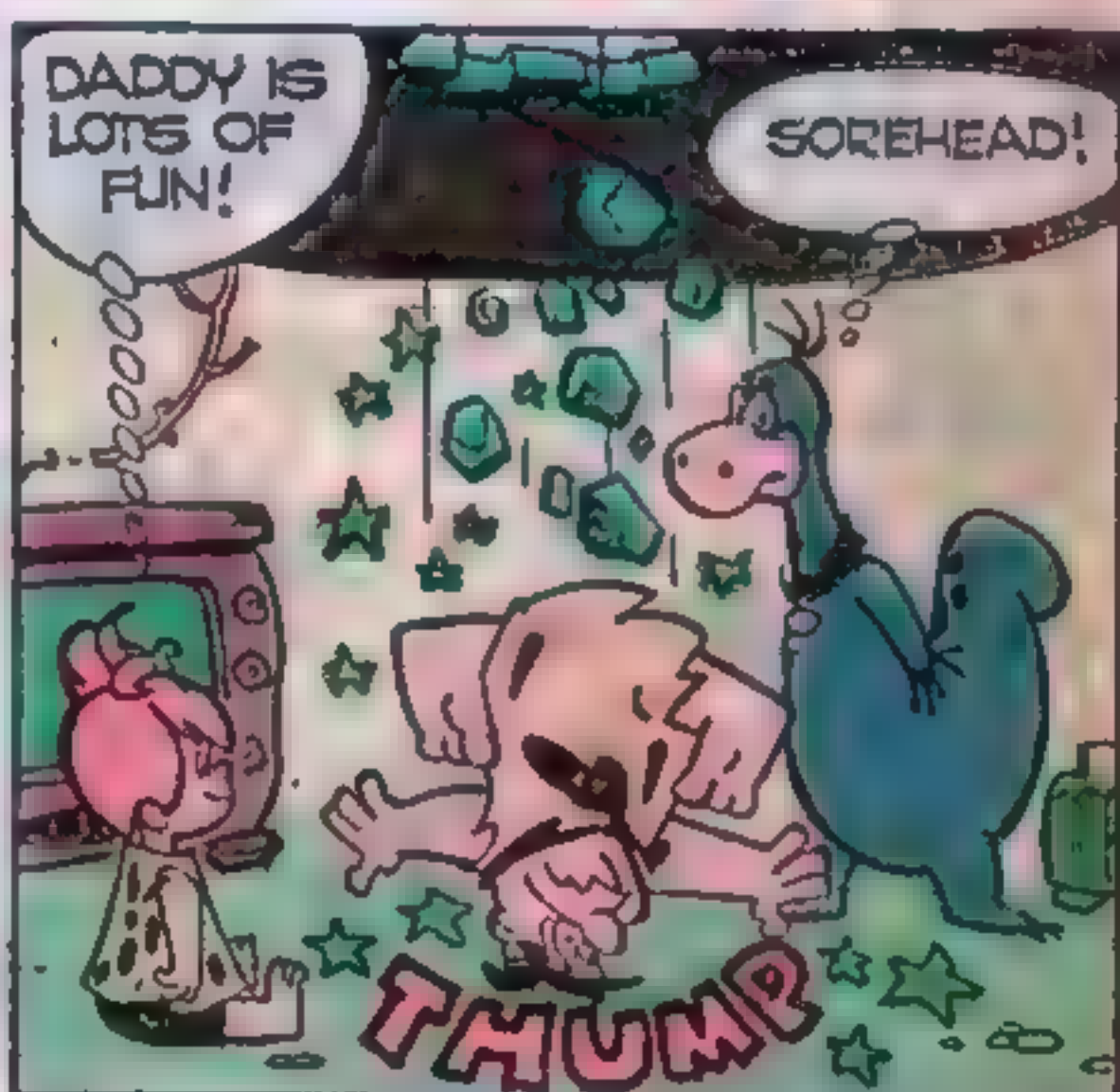
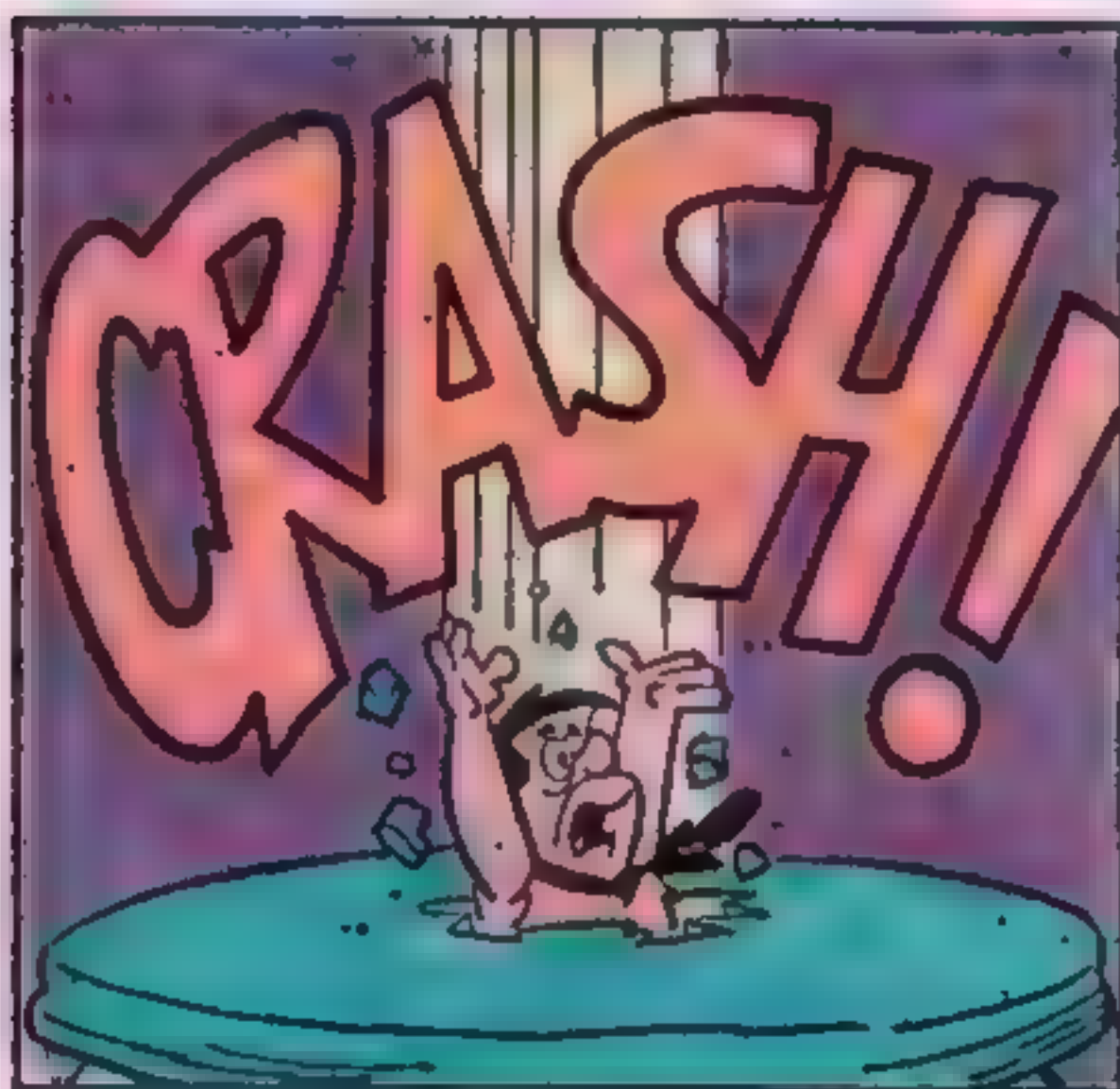
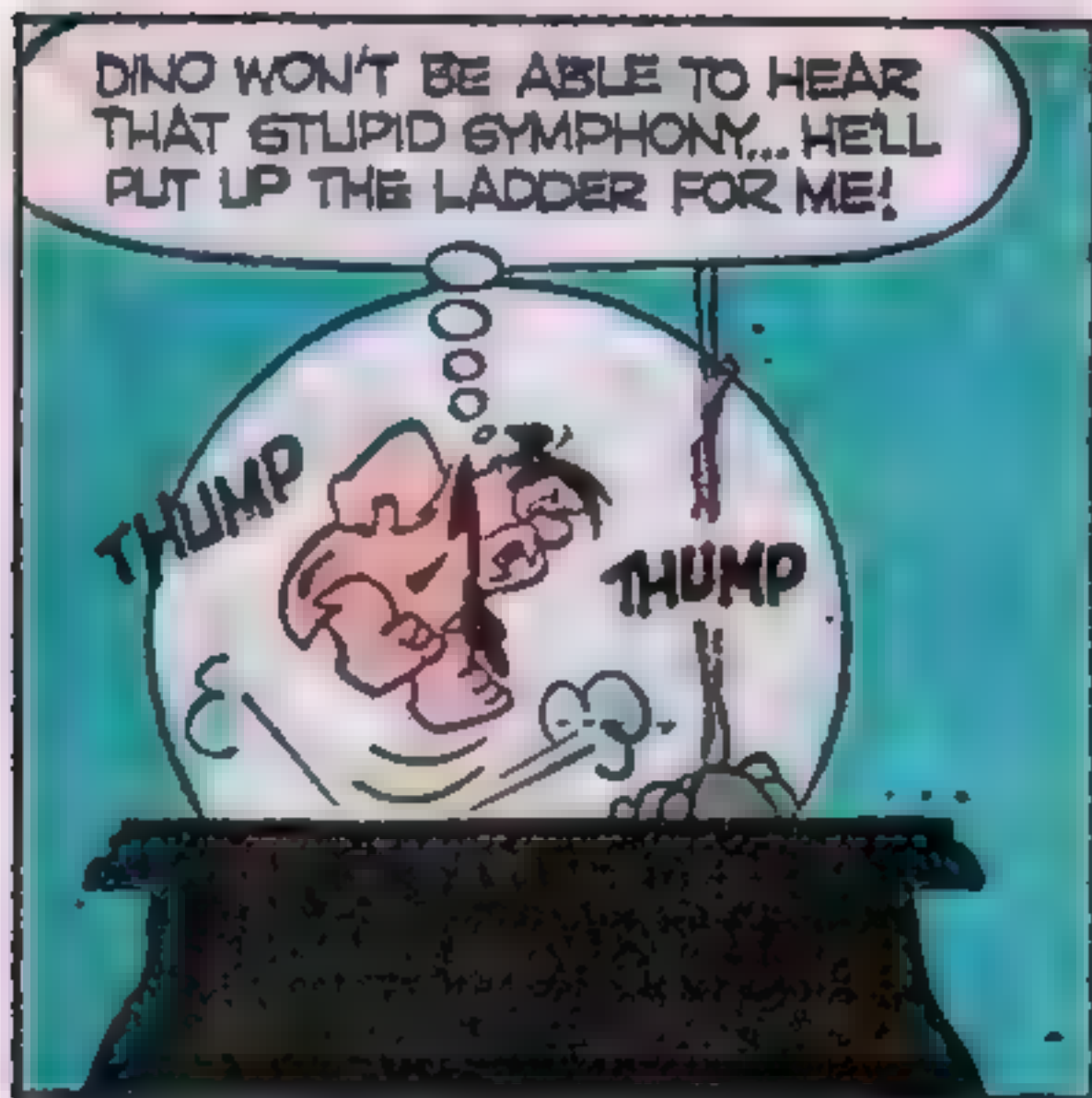




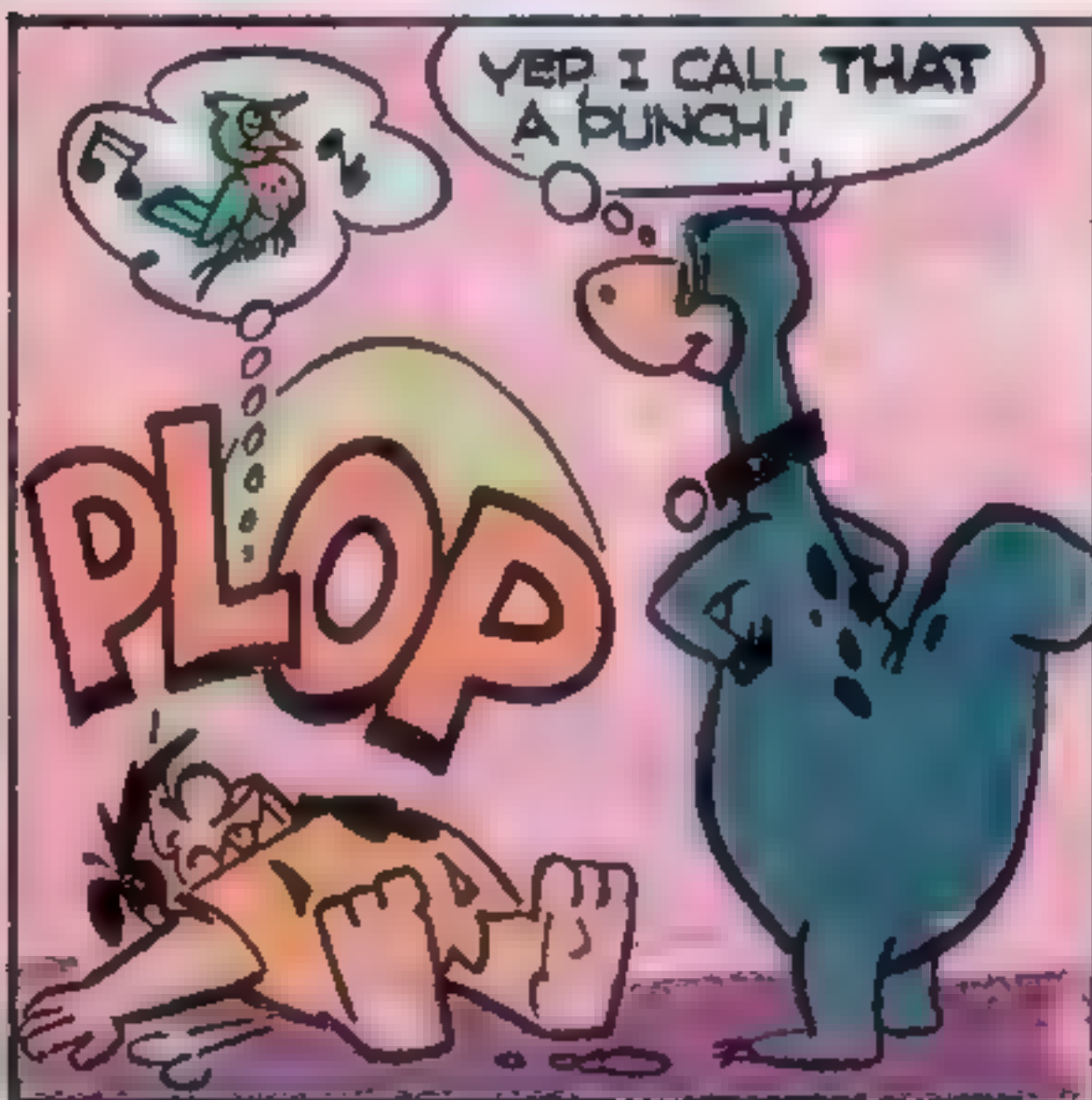
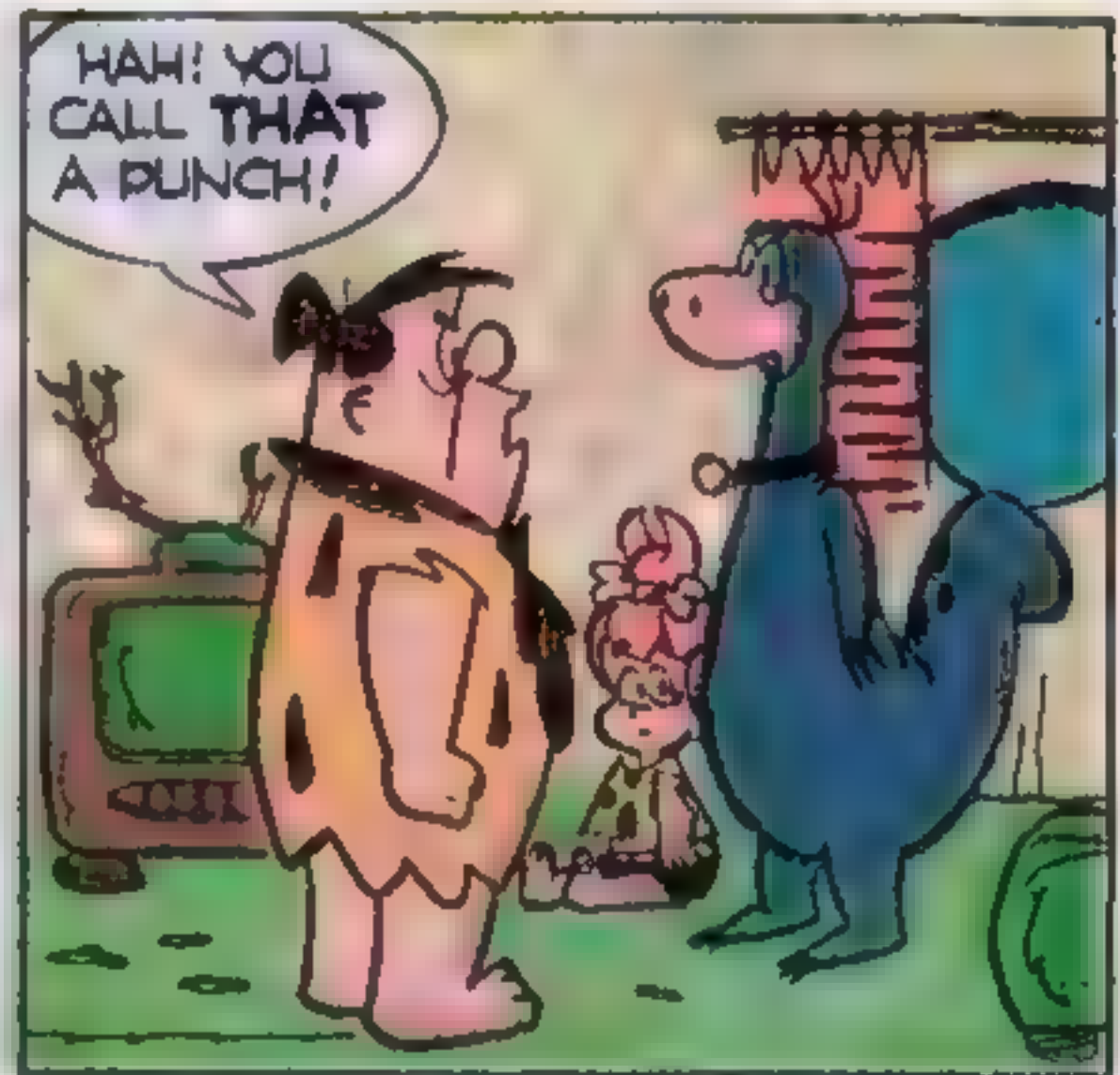
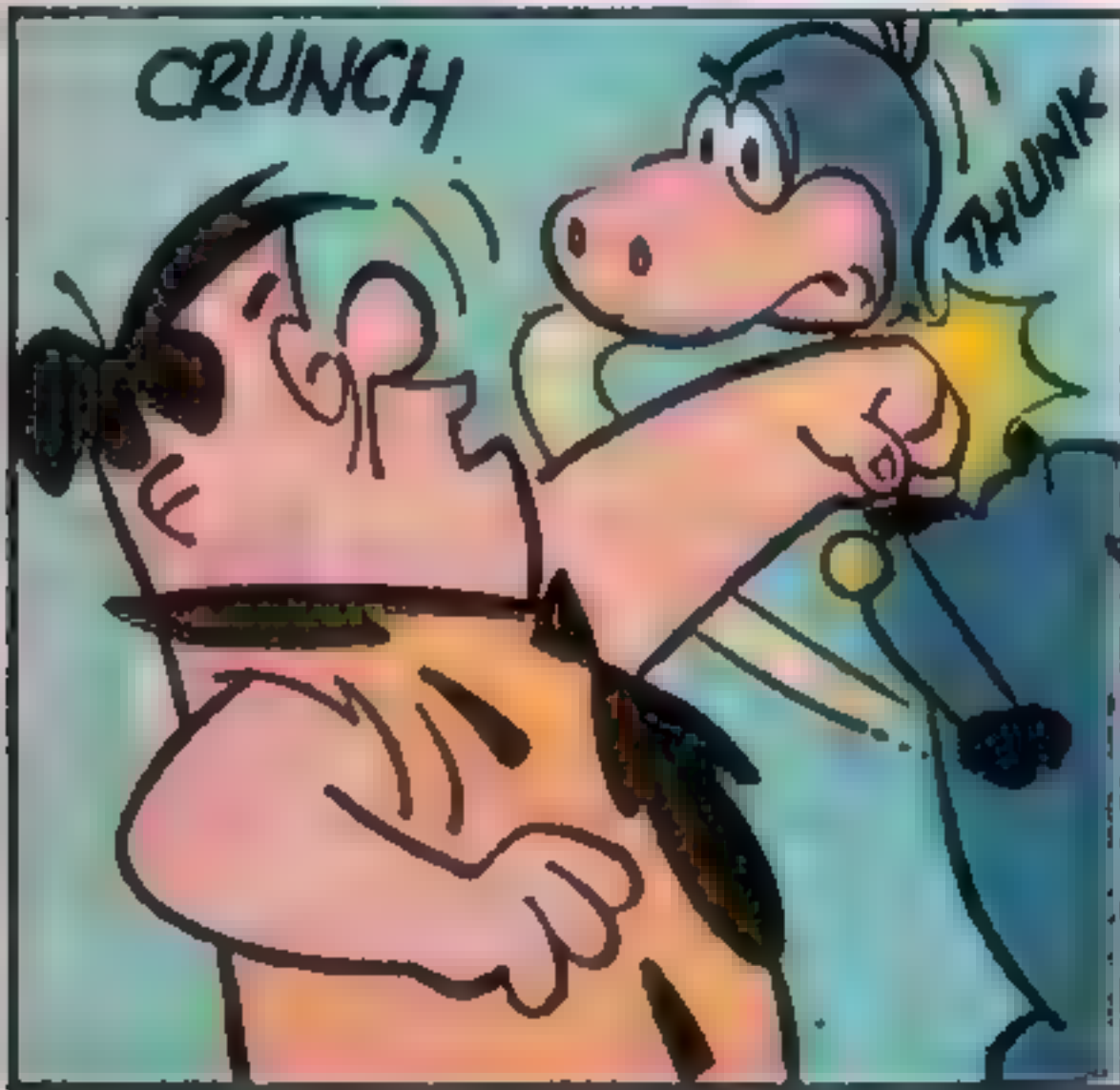




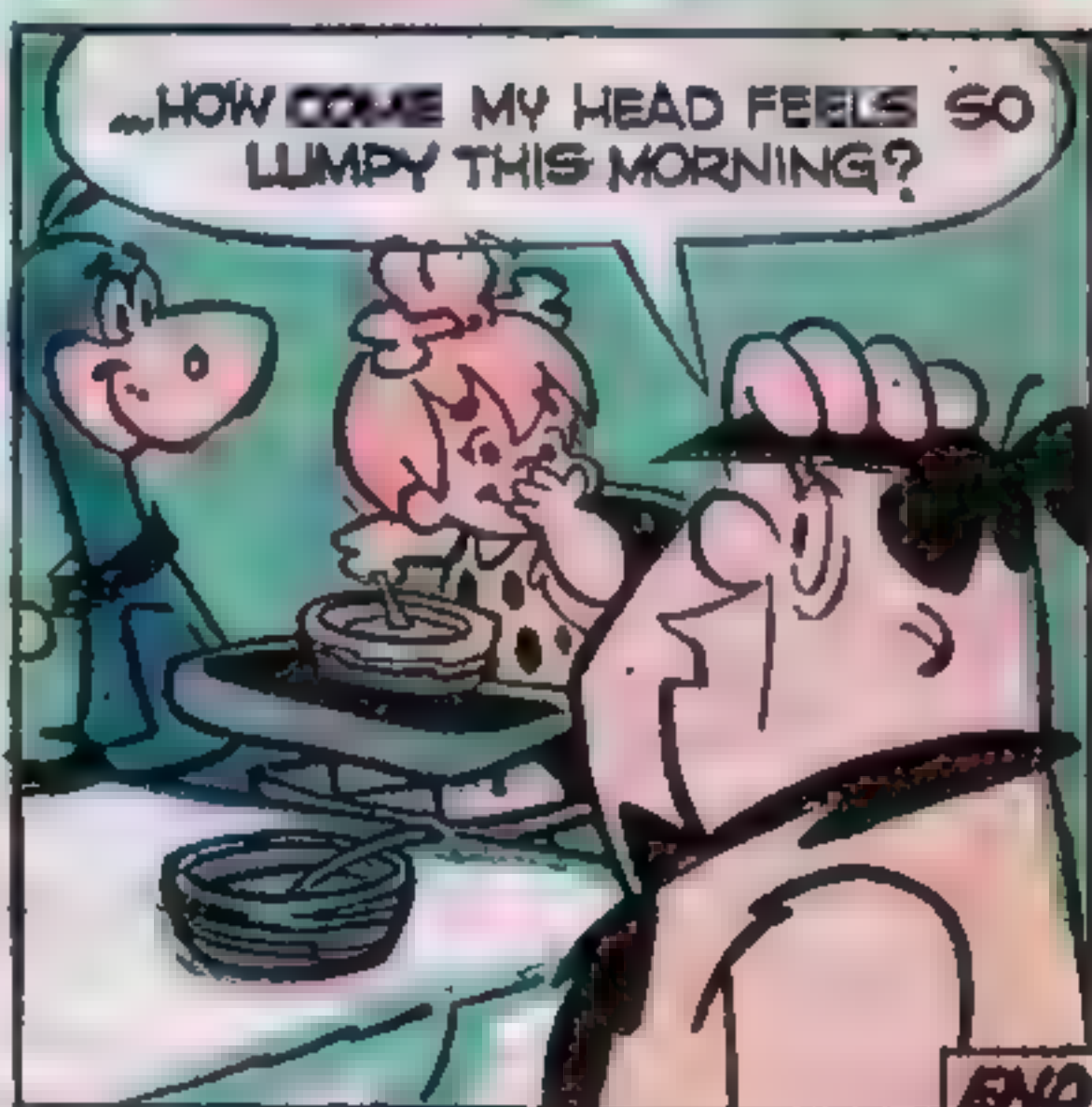
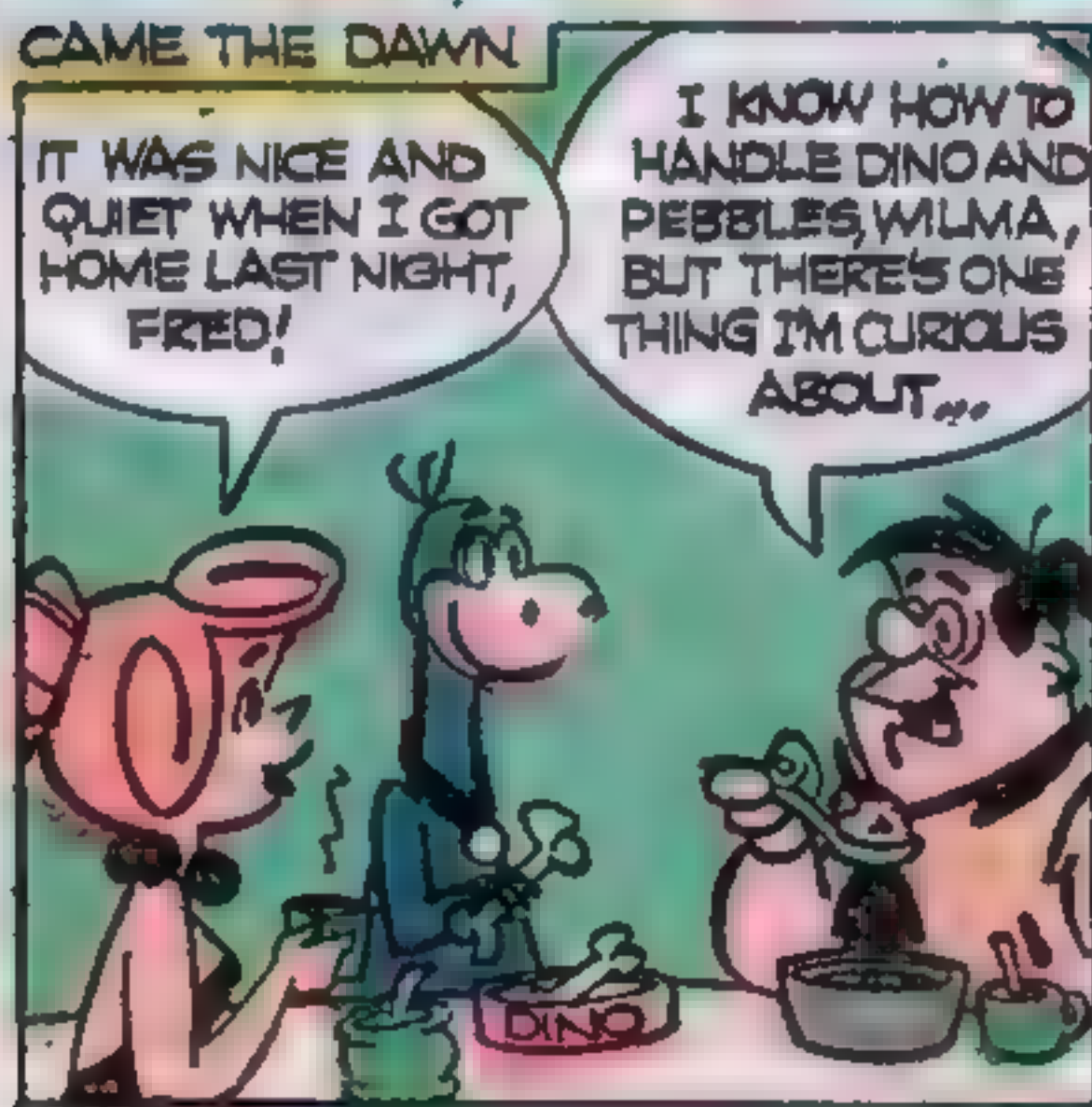
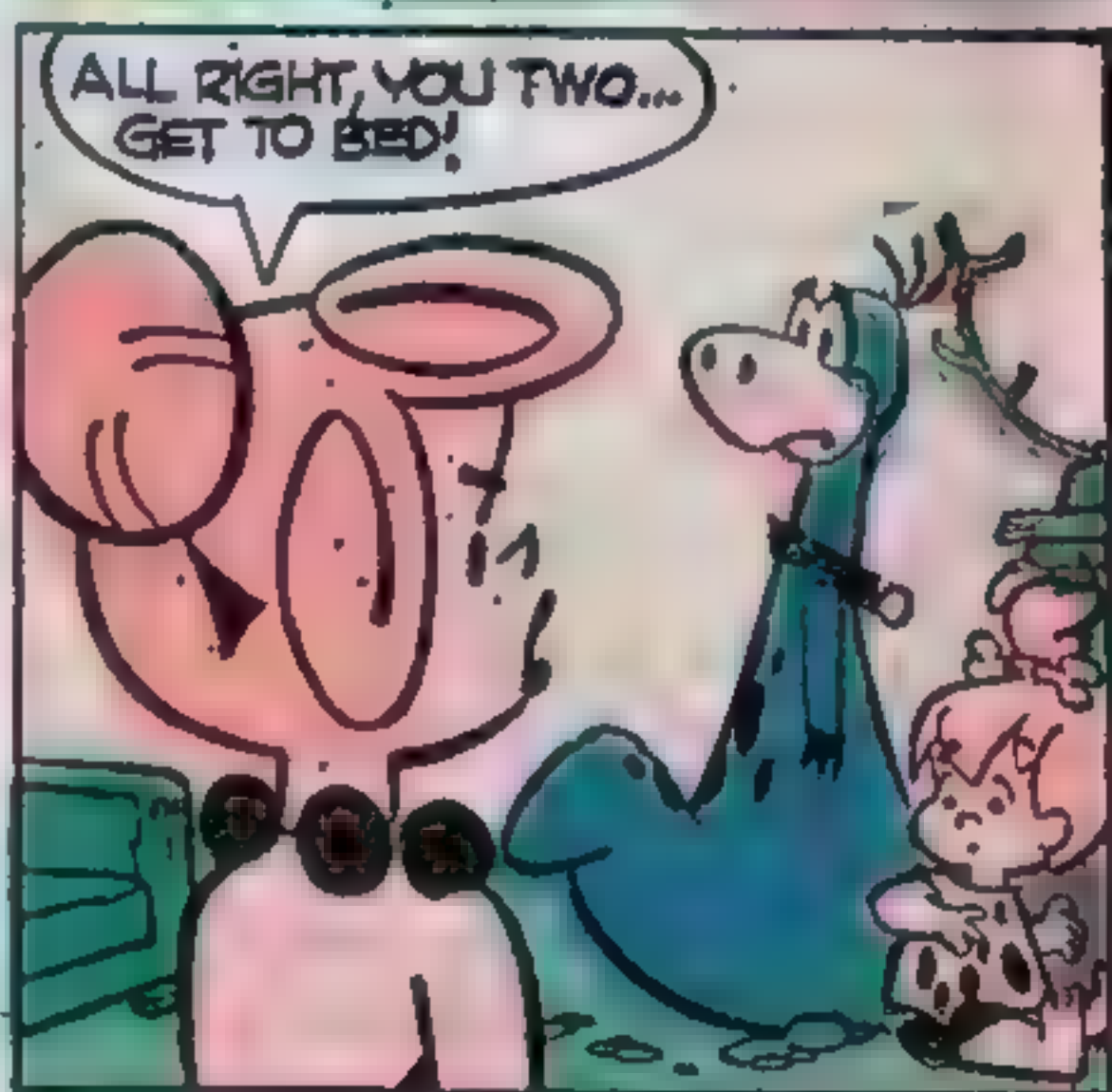
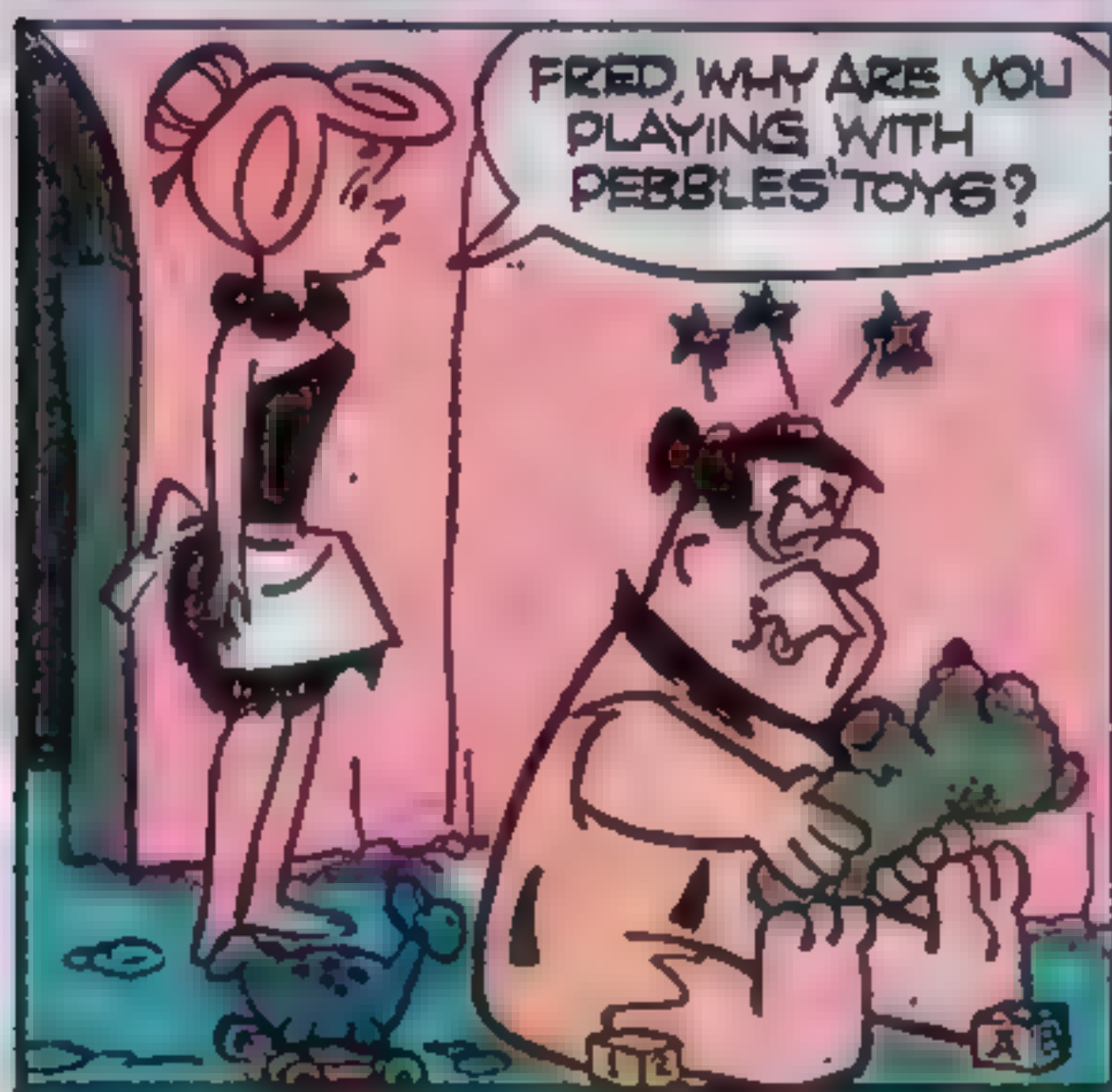
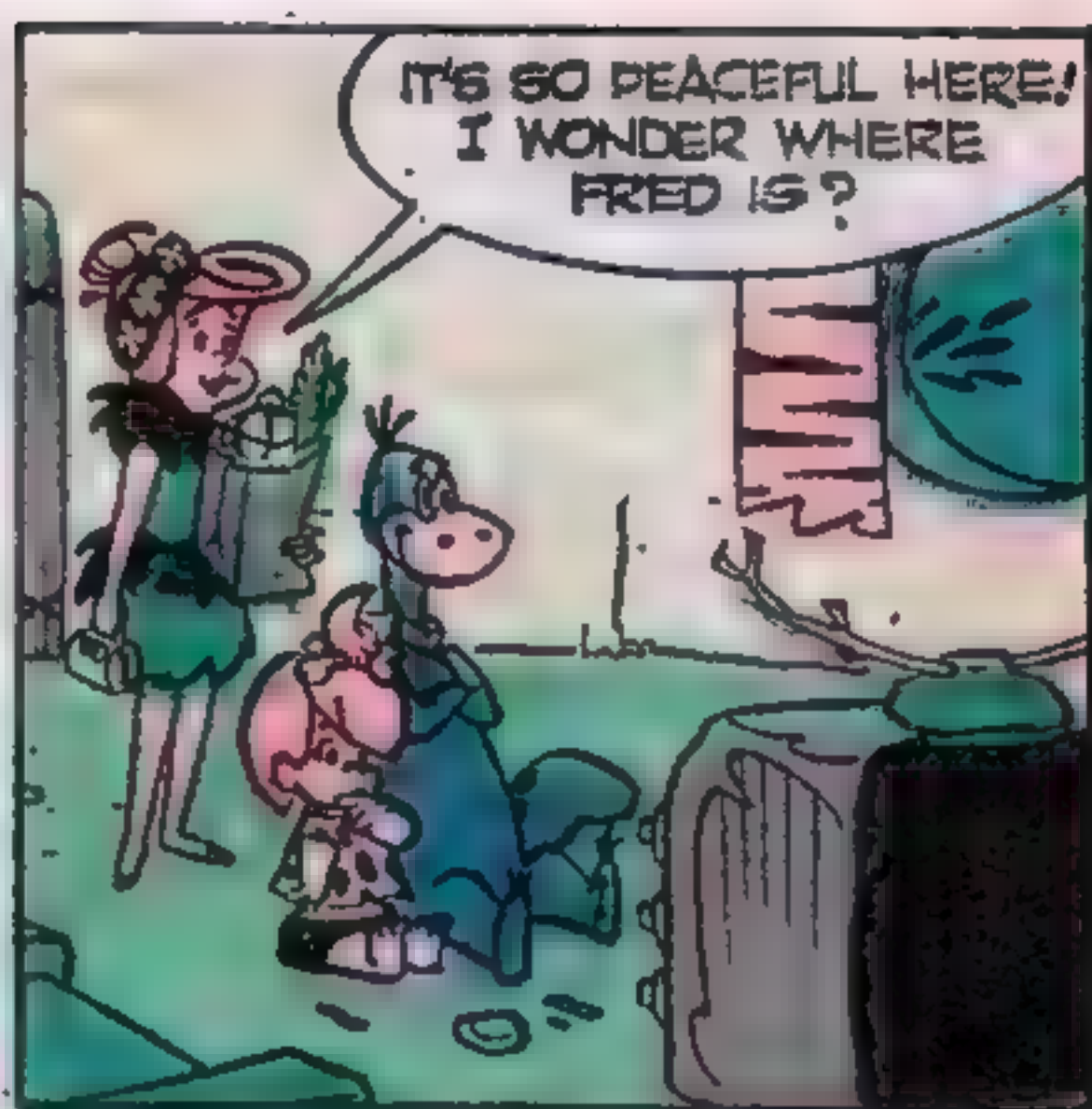
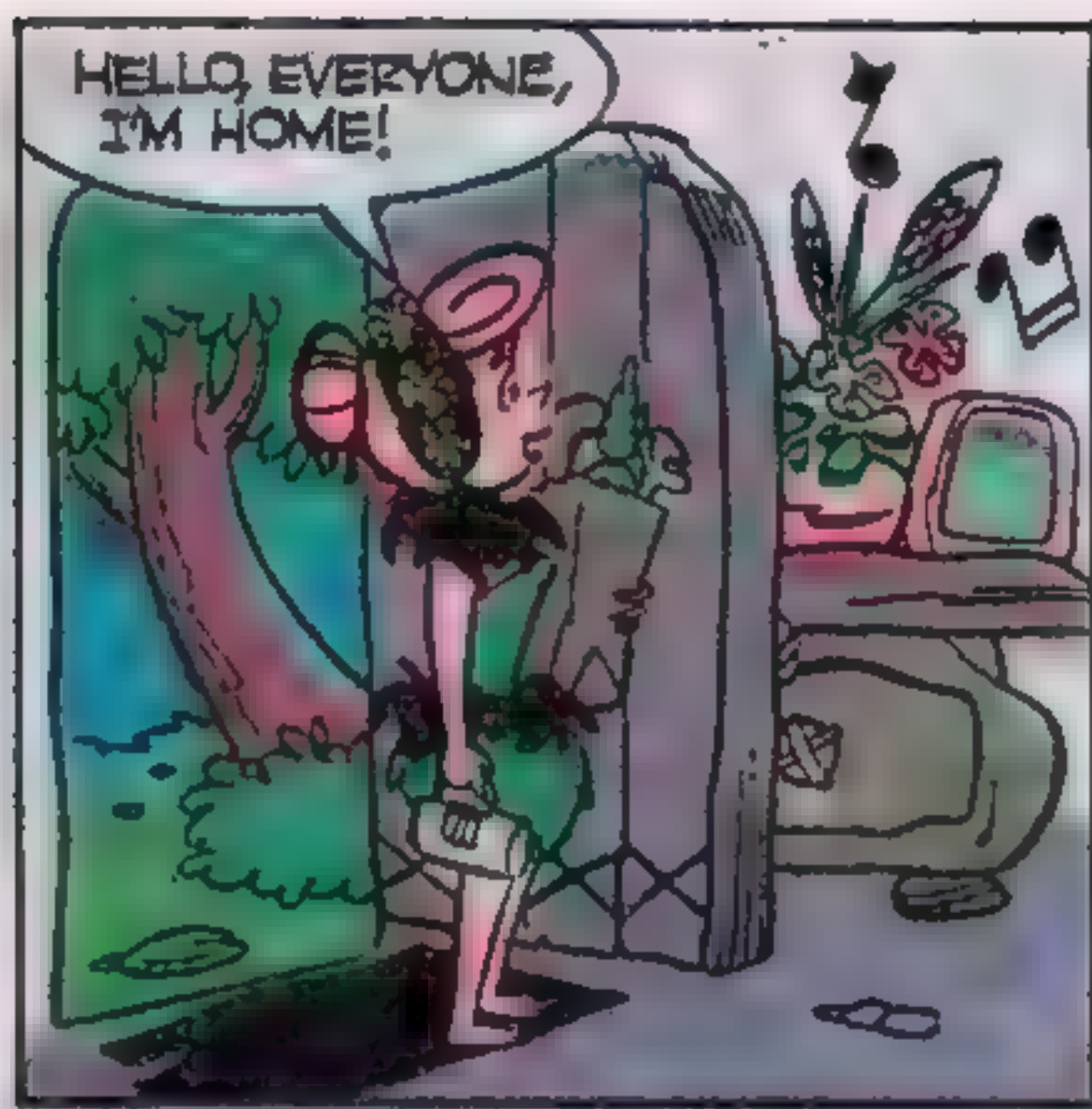














# JUNGLE STORIES III

STORY: MICHAEL J. FELLOWSKI

ART: MICHAEL J. ZECK



The sun was just rising over a distant mountaintop. The wise, old owl flew out of the jungle's shadows and circled the trunk of the tree where he usually perched. He flapped his wings and gently lowered himself onto a limb near the top of the tree. He had just finished spending the night out in the jungle hunting for food. He had feasted on nuts and berries and was preparing to take his morning nap. He was sleepy. He blinked his heavy eyelids. He heard a twig snap far below him. He looked down and saw a leopard sprawled on the lower branches. The leopard was also preparing for a nap. The owl turned his head and spied a lioness silently stalking a herd of antelope. "Felines are a mysterious bunch," muttered the owl. "All of the big jungle cats have their own unique, hunting ability. It

reminds me of the hot day long ago when all of the big, jungle cats met each other face to face. They began to brag about their particular skills. It was a long, long time ago. The jungle was young and so was I. I remember it very well. It was "The Day The Cheetah Learned How To Run!" said the owl.

It was the hottest part of the hottest day. The coolest place in the jungle was under a large, shade tree near the water hole. All cats are felines and all felines dislike intense heat. When the sun was high in the sky, all of the big cats in the jungle made for the shade tree. The huge, fierce tiger crept out of dense underbrush. The leopard and the panther climbed down from the treetops. A puma came down from his rocky abode. All of the big cats sought out the cool shade of the big tree.



A lion and his lioness, a tiger, a black panther, a puma and a leopard all met in the shade near the water hole. The last cat to slink into the shade was a sleek,



skinny cheetah. Big cats are very egotistical. They love to brag about what they do best.

The lion spoke first. "I am the lion. You know me because I am your king. My roar is the loudest in the jungle," he said.

The tiger refused to be bested by his traditional foe. "I am the Bengal tiger. I can slay a man-thing with one swipe of my mighty paw," he shouted.

The leopard decided it was his turn to brag. "I'm a leopard. I can climb the highest tree with the greatest of ease," he said.

"I'm the best hunter in the jungle," bragged the lioness.

"My coat is sleek and shiny. I can creep through the jungle without anyone hearing me," replied the black panther.

"I can track down my prey no matter where he hides," bragged the puma.

All of the cats continued to brag and exaggerate about their own personal skills and abilities. The only

cat who didn't open his mouth was the cheetah. He would have liked to brag about something. The only trouble was, that he didn't know if he could do anything better than anyone else. He could climb and roar a little bit. He was a fair hunter. He didn't know if he had any special ability. He had never thought about it before. He had never looked for any one thing he could do better than anyone else. He just sat there and listened to the other cats telling their tall tales. Of course, there was some truth in what each cat said. Each cat could do the things they claimed; but not to the extent they claimed they could!

Finally, the Cheetah got angry about all of the lying. He jumped up. He shouted in a mad rage. "Stop it!



You're all nothing except flea-bitten, furry liars!" he screamed. The other cats became silent. The Cheetah's insult made them very angry. The Cheetah gulped. He realized he was in for trouble.

"Let's teach that wiseguy a lesson!" said the tiger. The other cats got to their feet. They moved towards the cheetah. The Cheetah started to run. The other cats pursued him. When the Cheetah turned around and saw the mad cats hot on his trail, he discovered what he could do better than any other cat. He ran as hard as he could and he disappeared in a cloud of dust. The Cheetah discovered he could run faster than any other cat!

"It happened that way. I saw it. I was sitting in the big, shade tree during that hot day long ago," said the old owl. He closed his sleepy eyes.





# DINO in "TRADE BAIT"

IT AIN'T FAIR! HE WON'T GIVE ME A CHANCE TO FISH WITH HIS NEW CASTING ROD!

Oooo.

WOTTA DAY FOR FISHIN'! YABBA-DABBA-DOO!

OBSERVE THE FORM, DINO! SEE HOW THE LINE FLOATS GENTLY TO THE CENTER OF THE POND!

BIG DEAL .... ALL THE FISH ARE IN CLOSE TO SHORE!

oooooooo



